

MERRY ENGLAND.

MAY, 1890.

Table-talk about the "Tablet."

DURING this month of May the *Tablet* keeps its fiftieth birthday ; and friends and foes may all unite in offering congratulations to a paper on its Golden Jubilee. The first number lies before us as we write. It is dated May 16th, 1840, and under the black and heavy fount of type in which the title is printed, runs the motto : "My errors, if any, are my own. I have no man's proxy." That was when editor and proprietor were one in the person of Lucas. No man was ever more fitted to found a newspaper : a statesman in his grasp of politics, a journalist with powers of expression such as endow only one or two in a generation, and a sincere lover of the Christian religion. On that very first page of the *Tablet* we have a reminder that the Irish question is always with us : "On the subject of Irish politics it is difficult to speak with moderation. We are no Repealers—we state it unequivocally ; but we look upon the cry of repeal as the most natural for the inhabitants of a country which has been governed with such a fatal disregard of all the plainest rules of justice and patience." But, before many numbers of the *Tablet* were out, Lucas himself

adopted Repeal. When, nine years later, Mr. Henry Wilberforce founded the *Weekly Register*, it was as the organ of the English Catholics, and as a protest against the Irish sympathies of Lucas. The whirligig of time brings its revenges.

For a time it seemed as if Catholics might be united under one flag in politics as well as under one banner in religion. Not without emotion can he who even now dreams of this unity read in the third issue of the *Tablet* an account of the annual meeting of the Catholic Institute of Great Britain. Among those present on the platform were the Lords Stourton, Clifford, Lovat, Stafford, Brabazon, and Camoys; Mr. Langdale, M.P., Mr. Philip Howard, M.P.; and Mr. O'Connell. In Mr. Langdale's speech allusion is made to "a case occurring at Salford—a district in which there is no Catholic chapel": an allusion which reminds us that the present proprietor of the *Tablet*, the Bishop of Salford, is about to consecrate his Cathedral there, where it is now one church of many. Then Mr. O'Connell rose to speak: "It is impossible for us to convey the faintest idea of the enthusiasm with which he was received. The ladies rose to cheer him, and from every part of the room one universal burst of acclamation proceeded." His fine voice rang out through the room:

"Catholicity stands forward this day as she ought to do, with the first and most ancient nobility of the land, with her priesthood no longer in chains and silence, and with her people multitudinously crowding around her. And when I see all this I cannot help saying: This is a great day for England. (Cheers.) Claiming perfect freedom of conscience for ourselves, we recognise it in others, as we are convinced, from the experience of all times and countries, that you may by persecution make a man a hypocrite, but cannot make him a true believer: that you may degrade your religion, but cannot promote it, by brutal force. (Cheers.) We therefore have this conviction impressed on our minds, that religion is an affair between God and man, and that it is impious for any man to come by force or fraud between his fellow-creature and his God.

(Loud cheering.) We want no preference for our religion. Let it be tried by its own merits ; and, if it be not the true creed, let it sink and perish, as so many others have perished by the side of the one immutable and imperishable creed. We are for civil and religious liberty. With a thorough conviction of all and every part of the Catholic faith, I would not, for all the world could give, abandon one particle of it. We are accused of disloyalty to our sovereign. Oh ! if there be a people attached to a sovereign on the face of the globe, there is none that is so attached as we are and ought to be. (Tremendous cheering.) Oh, may her throne be surrounded with glory, power, strength, happiness, and dignity ! May her family circle increase year after year ! " (A peculiarly Irish benediction.) " May she enjoy every blessing the world can afford, and when it shall please Him Who rules the destinies of the nations to take her to Himself, may she receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away ! (Great cheering.) No portion of her subjects is more loyal in allegiance to her throne. (Cheers.) Sincere in our respect for good laws, loyal and submissive in relieving ourselves from bad ones—ready to join every band that struggles for freedom, and to strike off the fetters from the slaves who are in bondage—we cherish that stream of pure, primitive, and unadulterated truth which, flowing from the first coming of the Redeemer, is fated to last till He comes again." (Tremendous cheering.)

No wonder the Welds, and the Stourtons, and the Townleys who followed re-echoed those manly words—the words of a great layman ; no wonder that the *Tablet* of the day proclaimed itself "indeed proud at having to place in our pages a report of such a meeting" ; no wonder that "there was not a Catholic present who did not leave that hall more proud of his position as a member of the Catholic body than he was when he entered it." And how is it that to-day our forces are scattered, our accents broken ? How is it that Mr. Dillon is not on the platform with Lord Denbigh, and Mr. O'Brien with the Marquis of Bute ? How is it that the Duke of Norfolk is not seated beside the Marquis of Ripon, with brilliant comrades and followers like Lord Petre, to fulfil that programme of freeing every slave from his fetters—social, moral, political ? That

dream of unity—will it ever be fulfilled? We can wish the *Tablet* no greater joy than that, fifty years hence, when celebrating its centenary, it may be able to say that the Catholics of the United Kingdom are linked together with a strength which is the guaranty of our freedom and which no foe shall sever.

The *Tablet*, under Lucas, became, as well it might, a power in the land. The Catholic population, far smaller than it is now spoke with one voice, and that voice was the *Tablet*. Its circulation, however, was bounded by the poverty of the Catholic public, and by its price—sixpence; and in the matter of advertisements it had not much of a show. Those were the days of paper duties, and were not the days of Pears' Soap. For all Lucas's toil there must have been a poor enough requital, so far as money went. Mr. Wallace, who followed Lucas, could not have made any fortune by his ownership of the *Tablet*; the money worth of which was hardly more than nominal when it was acquired by the Bishop of Salford, who fell on happy times of prolific advertising, and a genius of a publisher to go out among the advertisers to compel them to come in. During long years the editorship of the paper remained with the late Mr. George Elliot Ranken, a convert who made sacrifices to embrace the Catholic religion; a scholar of fine accomplishments; a man of conscience and of susceptibilities; but not a keen journalist. That is just what his successor was destined to be. Not much more than half the age of the paper whose staff he was called to command, Mr. John George Cox brought a rare enthusiasm and the mastery of an individual style to the task which might have daunted even a brave man, but which he cheerfully took in hand. The eldest son of a country squire, and himself an ex-student of Stonyhurst and a barrister-at-law, he had the strength and the weakness attaching to that preparation for the conduct of a great paper. This is not the place to enter into matters of policy; but to the ability of this editor, to his

courage and to his conscience, I, who have more reasons than one to quarrel with him, offer my homage. Of his sub-editor, Mr. Vernon Blackburn, as well as of himself, a larger public than even that to which they are still willing to confine themselves, will yet hear. And the revenues which flow from the soap-boilers and the brewers of hop bitters and the Bovril boom—are not all these transferred from the coffers of Mr. Donovan to the treasury-chest at St. Joseph's Missionary College, Mill Hill? To convert the heathen, and to convert them at the cost of Beecham, and Epps, and Eno, and their tribe, is no vain dream, when it has occurred to a Prelate whose name is synonymous with self-sacrifice, and who is nothing if not practical in his aims, even as a missionary newspaper-proprietor.

May 16th, the *Tablet's* birthday, is a day of other memorable recollections. On that day died, in 1265, St. Simon Stock. From him one passes in thought to St. Simon Stylites, and he on his pillar is not an inapt patron for those who occupy that often stark and martyr-like pedestal—an editor's chair. On the same day in 1383, St. John Nepomucene was martyred in Bohemia—a land (and a martyrdom in it) not unknown to the modern journalist. And was ever saint fitter suitor for editorial homage than he? The secrets of a lady he died rather than reveal to her jealous husband; and the editor, too, has his confidences which none may hope to share. The name of correspondents not wild horses shall draw from him; and on his innocent back shall fall the burden of all the reproaches an author feels against his reviewer, a preacher against his reporter! And it was on this same 16th of May, in 1532 that Sir Thomas More resigned the Great Seal into the King's hands; and by that renunciation made himself for ever the model of the Catholic publicist in a refusal to divorce religion from politics—a divorce which the modern Catholic journalist must be the last to sanction. Titus Oates, too, on this day in 1685, was convicted of his perjury—and how many perjurers has the Catholic press convicted in the last fifty years?

One other event, in connexion with this particular day of the merry month of May, I recall to mind—with a blush in this connexion—I mean the introduction of women dancers on the French stage in a Court opera called “*Le Triomphe de l’Amour*” in 1661. For an introduction on to the *Tablet* stage of anything leading to corruption we shall wait until England’s day of doom ; but why not a little more liveliness ?

The very word is like a bell,
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.

And I make haste to close an article which, if it has no other relation to the liveliness of the ladies of the stage of Louis XIV., is at least the triumph of a journalistic rival’s love.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

Daphne.

THE river-god’s daughter the sun-god sought her ;
Sleeping with never a zephyr by her
Under the noon he made his prey sure,
Woofed in weeds of a woven azure,
As down he shot in a whistle of fire.

Slid off, fair daughter ! her vesturing water ;
Like a cloud from the scourge of the winds fled she :
With the breath in her hair of the keen Apollo,
And feet less fleet than the feet that follow,
She throes in his arms to a laurel-tree.

Risen out of birth's waters the soul distraught errs,
Nor whom nor whither she flieth knows she :
With the breath in her hair of the keen Apollo,
And fleet the beat of the feet that follow,
She throes in his arms to a poet, woe's me !

You pluck the boughed verse the poet bears—
It shudders and bleeds as it snaps from the tree.
A love-banning love, did the god but know it,
Which barks the man about with the poet,
And muffles his heart of mortality !

Yet I translate—ward of song's gate !—
Perchance all ill this mystery.
We both are struck with the self-same quarrel ;
We grasp the maiden, and clasp the laurel—
Do we weep or laugh more, *Phæbe mî* ?

“ His own green lays, unwithering bays,
Gird Keats' unwithering brow,” say ye ?
Oh, fools ! that is only the empty crown !
The sacred head has laid it down
With Hob, Dick, Marian, and Margery.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

The Stranger within the Gate:

MR. STEAD AT THE VATICAN.

MR. T. W. STEAD, in his book on "The Pope and the New Era," gathers together the letters from Rome, in 1889, to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The work he undertook was to learn (if not to inspire) the attitude of the Pope towards the social problems of the day. Mr. Stead addresses his encyclicals to the English-speaking races—*Urbi et Orbi*—because he thinks, with others, that the future is in their hands, and that the last word of civilisation will be spoken in the language of Milton and Shakespeare. Until now English Protestant journalism has obtained its information about the Pope and the Church on the back-stairs of the Vatican; but in these letters the prophet of the new journalism takes a new departure, and is enabled to speak with some show of knowledge and authority.

Mr. Stead is a man gifted with large sympathy, large enough, indeed, at times, to destroy itself. But he is a man whose intentions, at all events, are of the best; and if the Church is to be judged by an outsider, who is necessarily ignorant of much which ought to go to forming a true and adequate judgment of her, he is less unfitted for the task than are most of his fellow Dissenters. His own opinion of his qualifications for the undertaking is not very high, and we may safely take him at his own valuation. He says: "I attempt to discuss one of the greatest of all problems with, perhaps, as slender an equipment of qualification for the task as ever was possessed by mortal man. It may, indeed, be said that my only qualification was such an

utter absence of all semblance of qualification as to render it impossible for me to fall into the delusion of imagining that I knew enough about anything to exempt me from the duty of listening patiently and attentively to everyone who could speak with authority upon the questions at issue." And he adds: "The prolonged discussions which I enjoyed with the Ministers of the Pope were, of course, confidential, but the net impression which they left on my mind is faithfully embodied in the following pages."

These talks turned mostly on the three distinctive characteristics of the New Era, namely: "(1) The world is passing into the hands of the English-speaking peoples; (2) society is being reorganised on a Socialist basis; and (3) woman is at last beginning to be recognised as a being with a right to equal privileges and opportunities with man." Mr. Stead did not speak with the Pope, but he treats the attitude of the authorities whom he did see—thanks generally to letters of introduction from Cardinal Manning—as equivalent to that of His Holiness himself. This, then, is Mr. Stead's view of the Pope's aspirations:

Leo has dreamed of being really the Pastor of the world, in fact as well as in name. To be Vicegerent of God, and therefore representative of the Father of all men, is to stand *in loco parentis* to all the human race. The Church, the Lamb's bride, is the mother of humanity. As head of the Church, he must care with a mother's love for all the children of the family. It matters not that many are orphaned from birth, knowing not of their Divine parentage. It is for him to teach them of the Fatherhood of God, and to prove to them, by infinite acts of helpful service, the reality of the motherhood of the Church. No difference of creed, no blindness of negation, no obstinacy of unbelief can shut out any human soul from the loving care of the shepherd to whom God has entrusted the guardianship of His flock. Humanity wanders in the wilderness: he will be its guide. The forces of evil abound, making sad havoc of the forlorn children of men: he will stand in the breach, and cast the shield of Divine grace and of human service over the victims

of the Evil One. Men are ignorant : he will teach them. They are groping in the dark : he will lead them into light. Up from the void everywhere rises a despairing cry, "Who will show us any good?" And from the recesses of the Vatican palace he answers : "I will conduct you into the paths of all peace."

This, or something like it, has ever been the aspiration of all the greater Popes. But Leo XIII. differs from his predecessors in being more under the influence of the modern spirit, which has read a more mundane meaning into the words of Christ. It is reported of Anaxagoras that, in his old age, having abandoned all interest in the politics of his time, he was reproached for ceasing to care for his country. "Be silent," he replied; "I have the greatest affection for my country," pointing upwards, as he spoke, to the stars. It is in exactly the opposite direction that Leo XIII. has moved. No doubt, like all Christians, he would say that he set his affections not on things below, but on things above; that he had here no continuing city, but had a house eternal in the heavens: but that is no longer the note of Christian thought. Rather does he pray with Our Lord: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven"; and in his vision of things to come he sees the kingdoms of the earth become the Lord's and His Christ's. It is to establish the city of God in the hearts and the lives of men, not in the future, or beyond the grave, but here and now, that he has been called to the Papal throne. Not from lust of power, and not from personal ambition, but with a genuine aspiration to be helpful to mankind, Leo dreams of re-establishing on a wider basis and a surer foundation the spiritual authority of Innocent III. and of Gregory VII. He feels himself called to make the Holy See once more the active and omnipresent embodiment of the conscience of mankind. He is to be the organ through which God speaks, not merely concerning dogmas as to the Divine attributes, or in defining differences between orthodox and heretical subtleties; but as

the living guide, the lively oracle, from which all the races of mankind may derive the same practical and authoritative counsel that the Hebrews obtained from the Urim and the Thummim of their high priest. Leo would fain be the Moses of the new Exodus of humanity, their leader through the Wilderness of Sin to the Promised Land, in which all the evils of existing society will be done away, and all things political and social, will have become new.

And here is the character of the man destined to attempt so glorious a work :

A very interesting picture might be drawn of the daily life of the Pope in his palace prison. In some respects it must be admitted that the spectacle is almost ideal. Imagine a pure, good, and able man, of more than threescore years and ten, rising at six o'clock on any given morning, after a sleep as untroubled as a child's, and setting about what is in his own honest conviction the discharge of his duty to God and His Church, by using his influence, as the Vicegerent of the Almighty, to allay the troubles of the world. His authority, to begin with, is almost absolutely untrammelled. When Alexander III. writes, he uses M. de Giers as a pen. Cardinal Rampolla is equally the pen of Leo XIII. Around the Papal throne are Cardinals, and Archbishops, and dignitaries of great place ; but in all the brilliant throng there is no one who exercises any controlling influence over the detached and lucid intellect of the Pope. Occasionally, earlier in his reign, they would endeavour to bring pressure to bear to induce him to adopt a policy to which he was disinclined. "What you say," he would reply, "is very good, no doubt, but let it be done in a different way." And done it always was in Leo's way, until at last the Cardinals desisted from making fruitless suggestions. He is so supreme that, compared with the elevation which he occupies, Cardinals count for no more than deacons or even than acolytes. There are mutterings of discontent in the Congregations from men who once counted for something in the Church, but now count for nothing ; but on the whole the Sacred College recognises with loyalty and pride the commanding ability and authoritative confidence of its chief. The Pope, therefore, has a single mind, and he has an immense sense of his responsibility for the decisions at which he arrives. Every morning, before addressing himself to the

direction of the affairs of this planet, he offers the Sacrifice of the Mass, and then for *gratiarum actio* attends a second Mass, at which his chaplain is the celebrant. With a mind thus attuned to Divine things, the Pope then begins his working day. A single glass of coffee, tea, or milk suffices to break his fast. After going through his papers he begins to receive about nine. From that hour till one in the afternoon the throng of visitors never slackens. Secretaries, Ambassadors, Cardinals from the Congregations, distinguished strangers, Bishops from afar, have audience in turn. There are 1,200 Bishops in the Catholic Church, and with all of them the Pope is in more or less constant personal relations. Nothing can be more gracious, more animated, or more sympathetic than the manner of the Pope. His eye which, when fixed in thought, is deep and piercing, beams with kindness, and the severely rigid lines of his intellectual features relax with the pleasantest of smiles as he talks, using, as the case may be, either French, Latin (which he speaks with great purity and facility), or his own musical native tongue. After four or five hours spent in this way, he returns to his papers and his books until three, when he dines. His meal is frugal: a little soup, two courses of meat with vegetables, and dessert of fruit, with one glass of strong wine, suffice for his wants. After dinner, he goes out for a drive or a walk in the gardens of the Vatican. In the evening he resumes his papers; and at night, between nine and ten, all the Papal household assemble for the Rosary, after which they retire to rest. But, long after that hour, the Cardinal State-Secretary, Rampolla, or the Under State-Secretary, Mocenni, is often summoned to the Papal apartments, where, by the light of the midnight lamp, Leo watches and thinks and prays for the welfare of the Church. . . . The Pope, on the two occasions on which I had an opportunity of observing him closely, impressed me very favourably. There is in the actual face nothing of that sly smirk which appears in almost all his photographs. There is a genial benevolence in his countenance, and a twinkle of humour in his bright eye. Although he is apt to be bored by the endless string of solemn triflers who are presented on the days when he gives audience, it is a weariness of the mind rather than a weariness of the body. During the celebration of his Jubilee, he wearied out all the younger men who were in attendance at his Court. "The Pope is seventy-nine," said one of them, "but, do not deceive yourself by the almanac. He is as vigorous in mind and almost as alert in body as if he were only fifty." His old schoolfellow, Monsignor

Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus, who discharges the responsible duties of Rector of the Irish College, without any trace of senile infirmity, is six years the senior of the Pope. Allowances, no doubt, must be made for the superior vitality of the Irish stock ; but it would be a mistake to regard Leo XIII. as tottering on the edge of the grave. He has the *mens sana in corpore sano* ; and as long as he lives there will not fail, to the guidance of the Church, the intellect of a statesman and the heart of a Saint.

As a pendant to this we must add Mr. Stead's characterisation of Cardinal Rampolla, the Pope's "pen" :

Cardinal Rampolla, the Secretary of State, the Pope's right hand, who occupies rooms in the Vatican immediately above the Papal apartments, impressed me most favourably. He has the manners of a prince, the courtesy of a diplomatist, and the quick, penetrating intelligence of a modern statesman. He is an Italian, and a southern Italian. But he is candid and frank, and in our conversation I always felt that I was talking to a genuine man, who liked to come straight to the point and who did not fool away his time over nonsense. He was, perhaps, a little given to the tricks of fence natural to the diplomatist ; but after a while, when you got to close quarters with the real man, all that went by the board. He is not a fanatic in any sense, any more than is Lord Dufferin, whom in the charm of his manner he somewhat resembles ; but he is well spoken of as a good man by those who know him, he is trusted by the Pope, and he is quite enough man of the world to be competent to fill his present post. Above all, he is young : the youngest Cardinal, I believe, but one in the Sacred College. He is only forty-five, and looks even younger.

As an earnest of what the Church may do for the world in the New Era, Mr. Stead gives us a sketch of what she has done and is doing through Propaganda and its Secretary, Monsignor Jacobini. He says :

It was my good fortune to be taken over the College by Monsignor Jacobini—not yet Cardinal Jacobini. There was a Cardinal Jacobini some years ago, who filled Cardinal Rampolla's place as Papal Secretary of State, and there will be a Cardinal Jacobini again ; and it will be well for the Church if he should be spared to occupy even a higher office than his name-

sake. For of all the men whom I have met in Rome, Monsignor Jacobini impresses me the most favourably. He was born an Italian, it is true, which is one of the misfortunes for which he can hardly be held accountable. For eight years now he has been Secretary of the Propaganda—that is to say, he has held a post corresponding to that of all our Protestant missionary societies put together. Over him is Cardinal Simeoni, a grave, earnest, and laborious Prelate, who toils at his post as an English Judge of the old school does at the Bench. He is Prefect of the Propaganda, the Pope's *alter ego* in all that concerns the missionary side of the Church. After him Monsignor Jacobini is the most important pivot of the Congregation. He is not tall—good stuff in him, as so often happens, being made up in a small bundle. But his well-knit frame is almost incapable of exhaustion; his mind is quick and sympathetic, and there is a kindly humour in his eye which endears him to all who know him. The only woe that he has to dread is that pronounced upon those of whom all men speak well. Black or red, Catholic or Freethinker, all men praise Monsignor Jacobini. During the day he toils at his desk as the galley-slave toils at his oar, and in the evening he takes his recreation in looking after the interests of an Artist's and Workman's Catholic Association, of which he and a well-known Roman Count are the leading supporters. The society is partly for mutual help in case of illness or want of employment, partly for recreation, and partly for education. It contains about three thousand members, and is one of the most excellent of the institutions of Rome. Of all the hopeful signs for the future of the Church, and for its utilisation as an instrument of social amelioration, one of the most hopeful is the fact that Monsignor Jacobini is where he is, close to the heart of the Church militant, and the intimate friend and confidential adviser of the Pope.

Our Protestant missionary societies are hardly a hundred years old. The Congregation of the Propaganda was founded in 1622 by Gregory XV., and has been working ever since. On the shelves of the College are archives recording an activity that has never ceased, and which it is devoutly to be hoped will never cease. Great volumes of letters, bound in parchment, stand side by side, bearing silent but eloquent witness to the self-denying labours of hundreds of thousands of devoted men and women who have gone forth to labour and to die *in partibus infidelium*. Their handwriting is faint and faded now, but with how fiery a zeal were the pens guided which traced these

characters! What innumerable dramas full of the noblest human heroism, enacted not in full amphitheatre before an applauding or even an hostile throng, but lived out day by day in obscurity, in disease, in neglect, without hope of praise or of earthly reward! They wrote their epistles with their blood, and sealed their testimony with their lives. Men of the highest education and women of the most refined tastes and of the gentlest birth, sent to labour among the black fellows of Australia, or the Hottentots of Africa, if by any means they might save some—have left their only written record here, in these few fragmentary records of their difficulties. This real record is to be found, not here, but in the lives of their converts, in the tribes reclaimed from savagery, in the families which they have humanised, in the children whom they have educated, in the women whom they have raised from being the chattels of brutes into some semblance of the mother of Christ. As I walked round the crowded shelves in the archives of Propaganda, and thought of all the vast mass of unknown valour, of love stronger than death, and of services to the lapsed and the lost, I grudged the old Saints their monopoly of the altar-pieces, and would willingly have sacrificed a whole hecatomb of St. Sebastians for a few tributes to those St. Sebastians and St. Cecilians of our own time.

The museum of the Propaganda is interesting enough, but for lack of space it is impossible to display its treasures. They do not keep the portraits of the missionaries, they have not even the portraits of their martyrs. There is an invaluable collection of ancient codices, rare and curious MSS., a collection which is the product of the industry of the emissaries of the College in every part of the world. There is a collection of 23,000 coins of all degrees of value heaped up in chests as so much bullion. Here, also, is the famous map of the world on which Pope Alexander VI., in olden times, drew the dividing line, allocating one half of the western hemisphere to Portugal and the other half to Spain. The great chart occupies the central position in the large room, flanked by trophies of arms collected from the troops of the Mahdi, and idols from the farther East. It is an interesting memorial of the rôle played by the Popes in the old days, of the intrepidity with which they acted upon such scanty information as they possessed, and of their utter inability to foresee or control events. On the northern continent thus summarily parcelled out, all on this side to Spain, all on that side to Portugal, not one rood remains

in possession of either power to-day. The whole has passed into the ownership of English-speaking men. Another curiosity of the museum is the original map of Marco Polo, which Monsignor Jacobini recently sent to London for exhibition. In those days Rome was the storehouse of the knowledge of the world, a kind of British Association for the advancement of science in germ. The collections of birds and insects are much crowded, and are interesting chiefly because of the attention which they show to have been paid by the Catholic missionaries to the natural history of the countries in which they lived. If our missionary societies are wise they will establish *en permanence* a missionary museum on a large scale in London, and before doing so they had better send a delegate to Monsignor Jacobini to inspect the collection at the Propaganda. . . .

Here are printed all the publications of the Propaganda. They cast their own type, bind their own books, and do almost everything except make their own paper. The comps. at the Propaganda set type in as many languages as those who are employed by our Bible Society. As a sample of their resources, they have produced the Lord's Prayer in 250 different languages, in 180 different characters. Necessarily, the Propaganda is one of the most polyglot places in the world. Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost was nothing to the College in the Piazza di Spagna. There are 120 students resident in the College, and some three hundred more attend the lectures. Between them they are said to speak seventy different languages. When Monsignor Jacobini gives a reception, you begin to realise something of the mischief that was done by the confusion of tongues. It is about time that English began to supersede all other tongues as the common language of the world. Although they talk all languages, official correspondence is carried on only in three, namely, French, Latin, and German. On an average, about fifty letters are received and answered daily; and the office-boy who has the run of the waste-paper basket ought to possess one of the finest collections of foreign postage stamps extant.

I left Propaganda with the conviction that, so far as vast portions of the world are concerned, the Catholic Church is an enormous, an incalculable power for good. Whatever men may think as to their doctrines as to the life beyond the grave, the men who have gone out from this College, and who are directed and controlled by the Congregation of the Propaganda, are an effective, moral, and civilising force of the first value in

all that concerns the social and material amelioration of the lot of uncivilised man. There are hundreds of millions of human beings who are as much in need of the civilising word as were our ancestors when Gregory heralded by a pious pun the conversion of the English world. The Catholic missionaries may not make the most of their opportunities. Few of us do. They may devote too much time in preparing a bridge over which the soul can pass into Paradise, and spend too little in remedying the evils which convert so much of this life into a hell. But, take them with all their limitations and shortcomings, who can deny that at least for all the savages of the world here is an effective instrument, for the existence of which mankind has cause to be grateful? On all the three points concerning which I came to inquire, the Church in these regions and among uncivilised man has no reason to fear inquiry. It is true that its missionaries, especially in the East, are French rather than English, and would, if they could, make the world Latin rather than Anglo-Saxon. They can no more do it than the Pope could secure that North America should be divided between Spain and Portugal. All that they do comes ultimately to our net. Catholic missionaries, Jesuits or men of the Propaganda, preceded us in America, and in India they were but the foreign vanguard of the English advance. They sow, we reap. Nor will the influence of tradition long permit the Catholic missionaries to look to France rather than to England as their natural protector. The very archives of the Propaganda bear witness in their mutilation to the rude violence with which the French, under the first Napoleon, ransacked the treasures of the Church. The Republic which compels the Religious Orders to seek refuge on English soil cannot long command the enthusiasm of Catholic missionaries even in the farther East. From the point of view of the Socialist, the missionary activity of the world is pure gain. All that the early Church did for the barbarians of Europe, the Church to-day is doing for the barbarians of Asia, of Africa, and of Polynesia. To teach letters, to inculcate industry, to war against war, to suppress the slave trade, to diffuse the arts, to introduce all that differentiates man from beast—these are the social services to be welcomed with gratitude and enthusiasm, even if those who render this service are vowed to obedience to the Pope of Rome or to the General of the Society of Jesus.

Mr. Stead finds equal cause for rejoicing when he comes to

deal with the third great group of questions—those which concern the position of woman. He says :

Woman outside Christendom, with few exceptions, is not an individual, much less a soul. She is a chattel, to be used or abused at the will of her owner. Nothing but good can follow the apparition of such sweet and saintly Sisters as those whom I saw in the anteroom of Monsignor Jacobini, in the midst of populations whose only idea of woman is that of a two-legged beast of burden whom it is an amusement to degrade. The most reactionary Catholic is at least a monogamist, and monogamy represents an ideal to which one-half of the human race has not yet attained. After all, the first step which counts, and which logically includes everything, is gained when men learn that a woman has a soul as valuable as their own. So far, therefore, all is plain sailing. The real problem only arises when we come to consider the relations between the Church and the modern world.

On this last subject it is worth noting that even General Gordon hoped to bring to the savages of Africa the blessings of Christianity by trying to get the Bishops of the home Church to countenance polygamy.

That the Church in the civilised world does not hold the same relative position with regard to progress as it does in the uncivilised parts is, perhaps, for many reasons, inevitable. Incapability is not the only reason, if it is a reason at all. But in these letters Mr. Stead seems at times to lose sight of the fact—which he knows very well—that the Church's primary and direct work in this world is a spiritual one. The Pope is the successor of Peter, but he is only the Vicar of Christ, and does the work appointed him by Christ. Direct interest, therefore, in the solution of social problems the Pope as Pope can have only as a matter of expediency to the Faith, the spreading of which is the only true measure of the Church's success. To keep this ever in mind will not diminish, but rather increase, our admiration of Leo XIII.'s efforts for the social regeneration of the world. What Mr. Stead hopes for from Rome will be

seen later on. In the meantime this is what we read of the Pope's attitude towards the social question :

When Gregory the Great was told one day that a solitary unknown beggar had been found dead from starvation in the streets of Rome, he excommunicated himself for having allowed such a thing to happen in a city under his rule. For days he abstained from Communion, shutting himself up in his silent cell to make atonement by tears and penance for his sin of omission towards that poor starveling. If Leo XIII. can imbue his clergy throughout the world with something of the spirit that drove St. Gregory to his penitential cell, he will soon have cause to forget the miserable temporalities of his departed kingdom in the glories of the empire which he will found in the love and affection of mankind. Whether he or any of his successors will prove equal to this high emprise who can venture to say? While the ultimate aim of the Church must ever be to teach men to lead the Divine life, it is one of the most promising signs of the times that the Holy See is beginning to use the organisation at its disposal to help men to secure the conditions of a human existence. Nothing can be more certain than that the Holy Father is a Socialist at heart—a sanctified Socialist, no doubt, but one who is bent upon realising as much Socialism as can be obtained within the limits of the Ten Commandments. In the great Church of the Gesù, where Ignatius Loyola is enshrined in one of the most splendid temples reared by human devotion to the memory of its benefactors, two sculptured groups attract the eye of every visitor. One, to the right of the altar beneath which rest the ashes of the Saint, represents the destruction of paganism; the other, on the left, the extirpation of heresy. The destroying angels, full of savage energy, smite and spare not as they fall upon the enemies of the Church. Some day, perhaps, not in the distant future, a new and stately temple will arise over the tomb of another Saint, to whom has been reserved the glory of launching the thunderbolt of destruction again pauperism and prostitution, against intemperance and slavery. And before that shrine the whole human race will bow in a Catholicity wider than any that Rome has yet realised, in worship that is unmarred by the savage discords of sectarian strife.

No one can say that Mr. Stead is not patriotic, perhaps egotistically patriotic, in the means he prescribes to the Church

to gain her great ends. He would have "the Holy See removed from the Vatican to the freer atmosphere of the Western world; the Curia and the *personnel* of the administration brought approximately nearer to a proportionate representation of the whole of the constituent sections of the Catholic Church; a Congregation for social questions established, on which women would have a right to be consulted equally with men; a newspaper and correspondence bureau in full working order; and the progressive substitution of English for Latin as the universal language of the Church." He adds: "None of these changes is at variance with the faith, doctrine, and discipline of the Church. These are merely readjustments, which would enable the Church to adapt its somewhat antiquated machinery to the ever-changing needs of the new time. If to all of these developments you add a young Pope, with an eye to see, an ear to hear, and sufficient faith in the heart of him to dare to put the Church to the crucial test of using it unhesitatingly as a weapon to smite every evil that afflicts the world, and as an instrument to help mankind to attain every aspiration after a higher and nobler life, we should cease to sigh after the glories of Gregory and the triumphs of Hildebrand in the splendour of the achievements of the new reign."

Cardinal Parocchi, the Pope's Vicar-General, is likely to be this next Pope, from whom so much might come, says Mr. Stead, and with this great potentiality the journalist had an interview.

Cardinal Parocchi is one of the most conspicuous personalities in the Roman Curia. Cardinal Parocchi is Vicar-General of Rome, and as such he holds his Court for the Pope in spiritual matters concerning the Diocese of Rome at No. 70 Via della Scrofa. He is a Cardinal with a history. When he was appointed Bishop of Bologna, he was refused his *exequatur* by the Italian Government; so that, although he was duly appointed Bishop by the Pope, he could not draw the emoluments of the see. The refusal of the Italian Government to allow him to be legally instituted at Bologna was really due to a faction in the city, which intrigued against Cardinal Parocchi, and created

sufficient ill-blood against him to lead to this somewhat exceptional step on the part of the Government of the Quirinal. No *exequatur*, however, being required for the assumption of the duties of Vicar-General in Rome, Cardinal Parocchi was, after a time, transferred to his present responsible post, bringing with him a reputation, perhaps unjustly acquired, of being a cordial enemy to the Italian kingdom. So thoroughly established is that reputation, that he is popularly regarded as a black of the blacks, the most *intransigente* of all the clericals, and the most reactionary in all questions which are at present in dispute between the Quirinal and the Vatican. A rector of one of the English-speaking colleges assured me that this was a mistake—that Cardinal Parocchi had a shrewd head upon his shoulders, full of practical common sense; that he was a very Opportunist for arranging things in order to attain a practical end, and that no mistake could be greater than to regard him as the fanatic of reaction.

After passing through various ante-chambers, almost as if you were entering into the presence of a Sovereign Prince, we were ushered into a large reception-room, where, at the end of a long table, with a crucifix and a picture of the Madonna and Child immediately before him, sat the Vicar-General of Rome. The light was curiously arranged, so that it fell full on the face of his visitors whilst his own features remained in the shade. But he was evidently a man of considerable determination, and in the full vigour of life, with a mind active and alert looking out from beady black eyes under bushy brows; he has a jaw also of immense power. His address was pleasing. He said that he occasionally read the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and inquired, as most people do, how its name was pronounced. I said I was very glad to have the opportunity of meeting him, inasmuch as his position as Vicar-General caused him to be conspicuous above all the rest of the Roman Cardinals. This he modestly disclaimed, declaring it to be much exaggerated, and adding that we deceived ourselves greatly in England if we accorded him any such pre-eminence. I went on to say that the fact that he did occupy such a position filled us with the more grief, because we understood that it was also reported that he was, of all the Cardinals, the most opposed to English ideas. He did not readily catch my meaning, and thought that I meant he was non-friendly to England.

Speaking with great animation and considerable oratorical force and point, he exclaimed: "Hostile to England! There s

no country that is so near my heart. Is it not because of my devotion to England that I venerate so much the memory of Gregory the Great, for it was to him that we owe the conversion of that country? But," said he, "although I love England, I do not love oppression, I do not love injustice; and I must say that in your dealings with Ireland, you have been guilty of both." "You preach to the converted," I replied; "so far as Ireland is concerned, you can say nothing too hard about England's action in that country. But I was not speaking of England's power but of English ideas." "English ideas?" said he; "English ideas? what are English ideas? Surely they are those which fill me with admiration—the positive spirit of your countrymen, their practical capacity, their energy, all that is distinctively English, I specially esteem. I read Shakespeare, and John Milton, and John Dryden, those great and glorious classics of your tongue, and I am filled with admiration of the character, the national character, which is reflected in such works, and which they have helped to mould." "Ah, I see," said I, "you do not understand. By English ideas I mean distinctly the modern idea. The idea of liberty, of progress, and of popular government." "Ah!" said he, "I am against destruction; that is true." "But you would approve of destroying that which was evil?" "True, but I would hold fast to that which is good. But in England you do more than that. I think that the English are, in many respects, a very conservative nation, much more conservative than I am myself. There are many things in England which you preserve which, if I were in your place, I would entirely change." "What, for instance?" "Take one case—the condition of your law. I would codify your law, so that every man would know what the law of his country was. England refuses to do so, and preserves a jungle of precedents and a labyrinth of cases which render it impossible for the ordinary man to know the law of the land which he is bound to obey. That is one thing in which England is much more conservative than I." "You have selected a strong instance," I said; "I am delighted to hear you speak in such a way. It encourages me to hope that you will not regard with distaste the development which seems to me probable in the future—namely, the transference of the Holy See from Rome to London." "Ah!" said he, "that is a great question. It is a great question; but it is a question for the future!" "Yes," I replied; "but it may become practical at any moment. Your Religious Orders have been driven from almost every Latin

country. They take refuge with the English-speaking nations. As the Religious Orders have had to seek a refuge with us, so it seems to me will the Pope." "It may be so," said he; "it may be so. As an Italian I should be heart-broken at the thought of the Holy See leaving my native country; but, if in the providence of God the Holy Father should be driven forth to a foreign land, there is no country to whose hospitality and to whose respect for religion I would go more gladly than to England. Yes," said he, meditatively; "yes, you have shown the world an example. I am constantly repeating, 'Liberty as in London and as in New York,' 'Liberty as in London and as in New York'—that is my watchword."

Naturally, I expressed my gratification at hearing so emphatic a sentiment from the lips of him whom I had been instructed to expect as the blackest of blacks and the most utterly hopeless of all the clerical reactionaries. "To turn to another subject," said I, "I believe you are the only Cardinal who has ever been a journalist?" "A journalist?" he replied; "no, that I cannot say." "But you did edit some journal at Bologna?" "No," said he, "not a journal, but a magazine, which appeared periodically, which was devoted to literature, philosophy, and such subjects, and not to news." "I regret this, for I thought that, as a journalist, you would sympathise with what I have been saying at the Vatican concerning its neglect of the Press." "I am delighted to hear it," said he; "I am delighted to hear that you have been speaking at the Vatican on that subject. I hope you will cry aloud and lift up your voice; you cannot speak too loudly about it. I have screamed myself hoarse on the subject. It is most important." "My idea was," I explained, "that a good deal might be done short of the establishment of an organ of the Vatican——" "But that also has been contemplated," he interrupted. "A short time ago we had arrangements almost completed for the publication of a great international journal at Rome, which was to have been *tetraglot*—that is, to have been published in four languages, Italian, French, English, German—a journal whose function would have been to have disseminated the truth, and to have defended the Holy See against its enemies, and still more against its friends, who are much the more dangerous."

"Then the scheme has been abandoned?"

"Postponed, rather. It was thought well that at present we should preserve an attitude of reserve and quiescence. It would require, of course, a great capital, and for the moment the scheme has been adjourned."

"Now," said I, coming on to delicate ground, "might I ask what is your view as to the Temporal Power? Report says that you are so devoted to the sovereignty of the Pope, that you would even sanction a war for its restoration."

He drew back. "Upon that subject I hope you will allow me to preserve my opinions in the recesses of my breast. But I may say that it is not a practical question. There is no question of a war for the re-establishment of the Temporal Power. The only war to which I am committed, and on which I would concentrate all the energies of the Church, is the war against vice, against crime, against ignorance. These are the foes against which we would contend. That is the only war of which I approve." "Now," said I, "there is one last question on which I should like to ask your opinion, that is concerning the position of woman." He brightened up instantly and exclaimed: "I often say that there is no room for respect where there is no liberty for action. Nobody can be said to respect woman who does not leave her free to act." "An admirable saying," said I, "which I am rejoiced to hear from your lips." "Why should you be surprised?" said he; "is it not entirely in accordance with the genius, with the fundamental principles of the Catholic Church?" Pointing to the picture of the Madonna in front of him, he continued: "There is Our Lady, whom we place at the summit of all creatures; and throughout the whole organisation is the same. Everywhere the importance of women is recognised, from the highest down to the lowest. Look at our great Religious Orders, which have been founded by women, are managed and controlled by women. Their Superiors have in all things the same rights, positions, and authorities as in the Religious Orders founded by men. After all, what is it that woman wants? She wants a career. She requires opportunities in which to develop and employ all her faculties, all her capacities. As for the question of woman suffrage, that is a mere detail. If, in the modern state, it is necessary for woman to possess the franchise, in order to enable her to develop all her faculties, and to achieve a career, then far be it from me to oppose woman suffrage. There are no figures in history which command my admiration more than the great heroines who from time to time have arisen to direct and control the affairs of nations. There was Joan of Arc in France, there was Isabel of Castille, and"—with a roguish twinkle in his eye—"there was your own Elizabeth of England, who, notwithstanding her red hair and her numerous little *faux pas*, was greatly admired

by Sixtus V. Who would not wish that there should be more such women, capable of playing a great *rôle* in the affairs of the world? Ah! who would not prefer to be governed by a wise and courageous woman than by a weak, foolish man?"

By this time I had heard all that I could possibly hope to obtain from Cardinal Parocchi; and as the ante-chamber was full of people waiting for an audience I took my leave.

Mr. Stead, we are pleased to note, has not forgotten to mention the Blessed Virgin as the ideal of Christian womanhood. But the world in the New Era will and must respect celibacy more than Mr. Stead does. He shirks the question of divorce, a most pressing question, as Mr. Gladstone in England, and Mr. Phelps in America, have lately reminded the English-speaking races; a question in the solution of which there is safety only in the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church.

Like Mr. Stead's, our hope is strong in the Church's power for good over the world to be; but, unlike his, our faith is also strong. For the brotherhood of man—that full fraternity in which liberty and equality will be fully recognised—will be attained only when men remember what it is the constant duty of the Church to recall to their minds, that they are the children of one Father Who is in Heaven, and made close blood relations by the Blood of Christ.

A. PRIESTMAN.

Miss Johnstone.

(Concluded from p. 429.)

III.

THE next day Mr. Brinsley wrapped up and directed Miss Johnstone's MS. with his own hands, and then sat gazing at it meditatively. Yes, it was going, this link that bound up her interests with his, and had been the means of procuring him a new and strange experience. Once it was returned to its owner, would all communication between them cease, and would he be debarred from further study of a personality so striking and so interesting? He did not like the idea at all.

"She did not ask me to call on her again," he mused ; "I wish she had done so."

Suddenly a bright thought struck him. Because Miss Johnstone had refused to adapt one particular story to his requirements, there was no reason why she should not write another, from which all vexed questions should be left out by mutual consent. The Editor resolved to broach it to the authoress as soon as he could find time to run down and see her. Busy as he was, he *did* find time a day or two after to carry out his project, though it was later than he expected when he found himself at Windsor Station.

"A quarter to seven!" he said, consulting his watch. "Perhaps they'll just be dining when I get there. I shall walk up and take my time, so as to let them finish before I arrive."

It was characteristic of Mr. Brinsley that, having once settled the Johnstone's dinner hour, he did not disturb himself with the question of what he should do were his surmise incorrect. So he walked on quietly, enjoying his cigarette, content with himself and his project, and in a pleasantly expectant frame of mind.

It was the loveliest time of the golden June evening. A recent shower had laid the dust, and filled the air with sweet damp fragrance, the birds were singing, and the little mysterious breeze arose suddenly every now and then, imparting its secret to the rustling leaves as it passed, and hurriedly bestowing a kiss on the brow of the solitary wayfarer ere it as suddenly withdrew. Partly because he enjoyed this state of things, partly to allow the Misses Johnstone to dispose of a hypothetical dessert at leisure, Mr. Brinsley lingered over his walk so long that it took him rather more than an hour to reach The Holt. As he approached he slackened his steps more and more, for, leaning over the low white gate, he descried Miss Johnstone herself. There was no mistaking the grace of the attitude, the poise of the head, the flowing folds of the soft grey dress.

Her face, which was slightly uplifted, was turned in the opposite direction from that in which he approached; the clear, pure profile marked out, cameo-like, against the background of dark forest. A few night-birds already flitted about in the gathering dusk, distant twitterings were heard from the leafy boughs; the air was filled with the vague murmurings, the sweet scents, the indescribable mystery of evening, and this woman, somehow, seemed to him the very embodiment of the twilight.

Then a strange thing occurred to Mr. Brinsley. He was not a romantic man, nor an impressionable one. He had had his love story, like most men, early in life, and had awakened from a foolish youthful dream to the grim realities of this work-a-day world, thoroughly sobered and disillusioned, only saved from

being embittered by the possession of a genial and elastic nature. Since then his relations with womankind had been of the most matter-of-fact description ; he had got on exceedingly well without a wife, and had frequently congratulated himself on the fact of being so untrammelled. The thought which suddenly flashed across him was therefore the more unaccountable. It seemed to Mr. Brinsley all at once that it would be sweet to a man — speaking in general terms, of course—to find such a presence as this awaiting him on his threshold. To see that dreamy absent gaze exchanged for one of eager expectation ; to mark the smile flash out over the tender gravity of the face ; to clasp those slender hands which now drooped, as if with a certain dejection, over the gate. Pshaw ! He laughed softly to himself, but even in his amusement at the idea, it occurred to him that it was not after all so ridiculous. It is not unusual for a man, even at first sight of a certain woman, to say to himself, “That is my wife !” He was himself acquainted with an impressionable young peer, who, once catching sight of a face in a crowded assembly, had remarked to him : “There you see the future Lady So-and-so :” a slightly premature proceeding, as it turned out, for the lady was already provided with a husband. But this sort of thing showed that the idea which had so taken him by surprise was not an uncommon one. And he further acknowledged to himself that Miss Johnstone’s face and form and whole personality were such as to render the suggestion that she would make a charming wife for—somebody—very natural indeed. Having comfortably disposed of these reflections, Mr. Brinsley approached the gate, and was received by Miss Johnstone with an expression of not-altogether-pleased surprise which smote him rather sorely. However, he had plenty of assurance, and in a few words apologised for the hour of his visit, and explained his errand.

Miss Johnstone smiled, and invited him to come in.

He opened the gate, but stood inside on the little pathway

for a moment as if hesitating. His glance wandered to the forest; whence the faint summer sounds and sweetness were suddenly wafted to him on the breath of the whimsical little breeze, filling him with indescribable longing.

"Miss Johnstone," he said pleadingly, "cannot you in your sylvan retreat compassionate the feelings of a hapless Londoner who has been baked in a stuffy office all day, and sighs for one hour of rural enjoyment? Do you know, though I have spent the greater part of my life within a few miles of it, I have never once entered Windsor Forest? Could we not discuss our business and take a stroll at the same time?"

She laughed and acquiesced, requesting him to wait for a moment while she fetched her hat, for she had been standing bareheaded at her gate. Then the two sauntered forth together through the great aisles of arched branches, their feet now crushing the last year's rustling leaves, now treading down the tender young bracken, now falling soft and noiseless on the velvety moss. A crimson glow still dyed the heavens, and was perceptible here and there through the gnarled trunks of the trees; but as they advanced further all was veiled in a gentle marvellous gloom. Little brown rabbits whisked across their pathway now and then, and occasionally a great fluttering and twittering announced that they had disturbed some feathered family who had retired for the night.

Brinsley marked all this with the practised eye and ear of a man accustomed to take note of his surroundings, even while in a sober, business-like tone he made his new proposition to Miss Johnstone. Luckily he found her in a propitious mood, and after a moment's consideration she yielded an unqualified assent.

Then the conversation drifted into other channels, the Editor exerting himself to the utmost to interest and please his companion, hoping thus to efface the disagreeable impression left by his last visit. Not only did she listen with evident interest, but she was

presently drawn on to talk too, and that exceedingly well ; her conversation marked by the same originality, the same quick perception of humour, the same vivid grace of expression as had struck him in her writings. He walked beside her through the green gloom as a man enchanted, the musical accents falling pleasantly on his ear, his eyes dwelling with infinite pleasure on the dignified graceful figure by his side, and seeking ever and anon the pale face with its steadfast eyes, dark in the gathering dusk. The time, the scene, had a magic in themselves, but in conjunction with this personality the effect was such as to fill Mr. Brinsley with unwonted sensations. Suddenly pausing at a spot where the trees grew farther apart and there was a break in the overhanging boughs, Miss Johnstone looked upwards. The crimson glow was still faintly visible in the west, but above them, in the sapphire of the heavens, sailed a splendid stately moon.

"Are we to wander on for ever?" she asked. "See the monitor yonder who comes to remind us of the hour."

"*Are we to wander on for ever?*" Mr. Brinsley's heart gave a great leap upwards, and then appeared to stand still. Heavens! what was the witchery about this woman that she should rob a man like him of his sober senses? A woman past her first youth, with principles opposed to the traditions of his whole life, who, in her quiet way, had defied and defeated him ; a woman, moreover, who was absolutely unknown to his world ; that *this* woman should, in the course of a few hours, have cast a spell over him which he was powerless to withstand ! For, gazing at her as she stood in the mellow summer moonlight, with a smile hovering over her mouth, and one hand pointing upwards, he felt that he would be well content in good sooth to wander on with her for ever.

He made some common rejoinder, however, and then they returned as they had come, Mr. Brinsley's soul sorely puzzled and distressed at this which had befallen him ; and the grey-

robed figure at his side gliding onwards more like a spirit of the woods than ever in the increasing darkness.

When the Editor of the *Universal Magazine* reached his own abode that night, his first act was to seek the great oak-framed mirror which hung over the mantel-piece of his sanctum. A handsome face enough, in a certain massive way, looked back at him from it, but he was not at present occupied with its good looks, neither was he seeking for the traces of years and care, of which, in truth, his countenance bore its full share. No, gazing sternly and critically at his own reflection, he remarked :

"John Brinsley, is this you? I did not think you could be such a fool!"

IV.

IT was Mr. Brinsley's custom, whenever he discovered in himself strong leanings in any particular direction, or was victimised by inconvenient desires, to take infinite pains to persuade himself that these fancies or wishes were not only natural, but even laudable; and therefore that it would be more or less praiseworthy on his part to gratify them. He found this plan saved him a world of trouble, and was much more satisfactory than a fatiguing battle with inclinations which, as he had discovered, were pretty sure to conquer in the end. Accordingly, by the time he had finished his second cup of coffee at his next day's breakfast he had made up his mind on two points: first, that he *was* unmistakably in love with Miss Johnstone; and secondly, that she was the one woman in the world most thoroughly suited to him.

He set about his daily tasks feeling entirely happy and settled in his mind; and if the contemplation of a certain beautiful face that floated every now and then between him and his proof-sheets did not exactly advance his labour, the *very* novelty of such an occurrence had a charm of its own.

When a man of this stamp wants to do a certain thing, he

generally manages to achieve it. Mr. Brinsley was bent on seeing as much as possible of the captivating authoress, and it is wonderful how many plausible excuses he found for running down in her direction whenever he could make time. He felt with much satisfaction that he was progressing in her good opinion ; he respected her ideas though they had many good-humoured disputes, and she in turn showed herself impressed by his strong common sense.

Brinsley, being determined to leave no stone unturned in the attainment of his end, set to work with a will to incline in his direction the adamant Miss Johnstone, Senior. Now and then he profited by the absence of Mauritia to draw out the old lady. He learned thus of the authoress's antecedents, which interested him greatly. How she had been clever, even from a child, always devouring books and seeking to improve herself. How her father, proud of her abilities, sent her to the very best school he could hear of, whence she had returned at the age of eighteen better educated than most girls of her age, and any in her circumstances. For she belonged by right to the middle class, almost to the lower middle class, her father having been under-agent, or bailiff, or something of that kind, it leaked out incidentally. He had died about four years before, when Mauritia, who for some reason had a dislike to the neighbourhood of her old home, had journeyed south and had taken up her present abode.

"As for writing," said old Miss Johnstone, "she was always at that, even as a baby I may say ; used to scribble between the lines in her old copy-books as soon as she could hold a pencil almost. And when they were full—the copy-books I mean—for her paper came to an end sooner than her ideas, she used to take a sponge, *wash* the writing off, and begin again. Not a soul was ever allowed to see her stories : she used to sit under a tree in the garden and read them out, sometimes to the cat, and sometimes to a child from the village ; but if her

father or I tried to get hold of them there was a fine to-do. She was always odd, was Mauritia, though a dear creature!"

"And when did Miss Johnstone first publish?" asked Mr. Brinsley.

"Why, *you* ought to know best," returned the old lady, "for she has never had anything printed except in *your* affair and now and then in American magazines. She wasn't in a hurry, she used to say, when people wanted her to send her things to publishers—she preferred to gather first and scatter afterwards."

The relations of the two Miss Johnstones one with the other also afforded Mr. Brinsley much amusement. The younger lady treated her aunt with the utmost deference and affection; but it was plain that in all matters of importance she was mistress in her own house, the good-humoured contempt with which the elder Miss Johnstone affected to regard her—as being thoroughly unbusiness-like and unfitted to cope with the world—being evidently assumed to hide a certain amount of awe.

"Mauritia, between ourselves, is as pig-headed as a mule," she announced one day, proceeding to give her reasons for bringing forward this strange fact in natural history. "If I wasn't pretty easy-going I should never be able to live with her. You never know what extraordinary thing she will do next. Insisted once, if you please, on engaging a one-eyed parlour-maid, and keeping her a whole year, because no one else would be likely to employ her. Ugh! it used to make me sick to look at her. Another time we had a girl from a Reformatory for the same reason; nothing would induce Mauritia to send her away, even when I caught her brushing her hair with my brush. 'Poor thing, she knows no better, we must have patience,' she used to say. However, when the girl took to pawning the blankets, and got a false key made for the cellar, Mauritia began to see that I was right. On the subject of the poor she is perfectly mad. I was obliged to insist on having a

fixed allowance for housekeeping—that's my department and it is well for us both that it is—otherwise we should both starve."

But one day in particular that Brinsley sat in the little drawing-room waiting for the authoress to return from a ramble, he gathered certain facts in her past life which moved and interested him more than any other of these communications.

"Like the country?" said old Miss Johnstone, in answer to a supposition of his that such must be the case, "not a bit of it! How Mauritia can care about a dull place like this, beats *me*. Give *me* town. Not your nasty, dirty, stuffy London; but a nice, clean, quiet country town like Brangton in Yorkshire, where we always used to live till Mauritia took these fandangoes into her head. *That* was a place if you like: belonged to the Honourable Wilfrid Brangton, you know"—this was said pompously. "My brother (Mauritia's father) was his man of business (sort of bailiff under the regular agent), and very comfortable we were. The doctor, and banker, and lawyer, and parson, and their families were all nice as nice could be. There was always someone to pop in on one, or to drink tea with; then we used to have evening parties. The old Squire was as friendly as possible: used to keep us in grapes and flowers; there weren't many of us, to be sure, only my brother, Mauritia, and myself (my sister-in-law died when Mauritia was a baby), so a basket lasted us for long enough. And we had a general permission to walk in the Brangton Woods as much as we liked. Oh, indeed, if it hadn't been for that permission we might have been at Brangton still. It was her fondness for the woods that ruined Mauritia!"

Mr. Brinsley stared at the old lady, who, however, heaved up her huge mass of knitting, and appeared to consider that she had said enough for the present.

"Yes; Miss Johnstone seems to like the woods here," he remarked tentatively, after a pause, "and I suppose in damp weather it isn't altogether prudent?"

"Bless you," cried the old lady sharply, "it isn't that! She might walk in any woods she pleased *now*, from the Black Forest to the Back Woods of America, and *I* shouldn't object. It was in Brangton Woods that the mischief was done, and—oh, well, where's the use of talking about it?"

Mr. Brinsley, on the *qui vive* of anxious curiosity, waited expectantly; but Miss Johnstone fell to counting her stitches. After a whole minute's patient waiting he resolved upon a bold stroke. "I think," he said, "I remember hearing something about that story." It was patent to him that there *was* a story of some kind, and his determination to know it caused him to enter upon this somewhat immoral line of conduct.

"You don't mean to say Mauritia has told you!" cried Miss Johnstone; "she hasn't mentioned the subject for years and years. I thought she had forgotten it."

Some unaccountable instinct prompted Mr. Brinsley to hope devoutly that she had—whatever it might be—while he hastened to disclaim aloud any such confidence.

"You knew poor young Reginald Brangton then, I suppose?" said the old lady, glancing at him sharply.

Oh, there was a poor young Reginald Brangton, was there? "That poor young man is dead, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the sort, though indeed, as far as everyone was concerned, that would have been the best thing that could have happened. He was a fine young fellow too, once upon a time; and his going to the bad was entirely Mauritia's fault."

This statement rather took Mr. Brinsley's breath away, and he gazed blankly at the speaker.

"She was a fool—I told her so at the time"—pursued Miss Johnstone; "so did her father, but she wouldn't listen to either of us. Worse than a fool, I call her."

Here the listener ventured to vaguely dissent.

"Well, will you tell me as a man of sense," laying down her needles and fixing him with a stern glance, "what you *can* call

a person who deliberately wrecks her own life and that of the man she loves best in the world for a mistaken bit of sentiment? Here was Reginald Brangton desperately in love with her—used to walk and talk with her in the woods when she was a girl of eighteen just home from school. He wanted to marry her, her father wanted it, I wanted it, she wanted it herself. Why didn't she, you say? That's just it. Reginald's uncle, the Squire, didn't approve of the match—a cranky old curmudgeon he always was—said he expected his heir to do better than marry his bailiff's daughter (my brother wasn't much better than a bailiff, you know, though he was a bit of a lawyer too), and in fact swore he'd alter his will if the marriage took place. Well, what if he did? Reginald was very comfortably off as it was, and a much better match than anyone could have expected for a girl in her position. My brother had saved a good bit of money and didn't care if the Squire sent him packing any day. Besides my belief is, and it was her father's too, that once the thing was done the old man would have made the best of it. Isn't Mauritia fit to be the greatest lady in the land? She's handsome enough now, but you should have seen her then! However, she wouldn't hear reason. *She* wasn't going to blight Reginald's whole career, and ruin his prospects, she said. He wouldn't give her up—he was mad about her—and her father was downright angry at her nonsense; so between them both, and considering that her own heart was nearly broken besides, she had a nice time of it. Things went on so for a bit. Reginald *would* keep coming to see her; and her father made her come down to him—and the old Squire stormed and raged by himself at the Hall. Well one day, to my great surprise, when Reginald marched in as usual, Mauritia looked up at him with a smile and proposed a walk in the woods. I was chuckling to myself thinking that she was tired of the struggle and was going to let her own heart have its way at last. I watched them going off together, as handsome a couple as you

could wish to see, and violently in love with each other—that was pretty plain too. It was almost dusk when they returned, I heard them in the porch, and then Reginald's steps going down the gravel walk. The window was open and I could hear distinctly. After a minute Mauritia called him back, and I just peeped out and saw her go down the path a little way, and then, if you please, she kissed him: 'Good-bye, Reginald,' she said. 'Well, I'm sure,' said I, when she came in, 'the manners and customs of the present day are strange.' She came over to me then and knelt down beside me and cried, with her head on my lap, poor dear"—twinkling away a tear—"but not one word of explanation would she give. I asked if they were good friends; 'Oh, yes, perfectly,' good friends.' 'Was Reginald coming soon again?' 'Yes, she believed he meant to call to-morrow.' I was fairly puzzled; but the next day everything was made clear, for in the morning she was nowhere to be found: she had run away, if you please."

"What, with—with Brangton?" gasped Mr. Brinsley.

"Good gracious, no! *From* Brangton you mean, and from her own weakness, as she said in the letter which was found on her table. She was about to lose herself so completely, she told us, that no one would be able to trace her, and Reginald Brangton and all of us were to consider her dead."

She paused, but Mr. Brinsley was silent, a medley of feelings struggling for mastery within him.

"Reginald nearly went out of his mind," pursued Miss Johnstone, "and then, when he found that his efforts to track Mauritia were fruitless, all his love seemed turned to fury, and he became quite reckless. He led the old Squire a nice life, I can tell you. He gambled, and drank, and raced away every penny of his own, and then went off to the Colonies. I never heard of him after, for the old man was so angry with him that he cut him off with a shilling after all, and left the property to a distant cousin. So Mauritia's sacrifice was all in vain."

"And where was she during this time?"

"In London—in the City, earning her own bread by copying and sewing. She renewed her acquaintance with some poor wretch of a dressmaker who had been employed at her school, and they lived together for five years in the slums. Nice and respectable, wasn't it? I asked her once afterwards how she bore her life then, and she said it was, of all others, the one which suited her best: for amongst such surroundings she was more thoroughly *lost* than she could be anywhere else; and, besides, seeing the miseries of others and trying to help them took her out of herself. She delights in poking about the slums, you know, to this day. Well, after the old Squire was dead, and the new one in possession, Mauritia walked in one day to her father's house. She had read all about the Squire's will in the papers, and as poor Reginald's prospects were quite done for (thanks to her) she condescended to return. Her father stormed a bit, as you may imagine, and told her she had been an undutiful fool; but he was glad enough to get her back—then she was very ill. That was my fault, I believe; for not knowing that, having been cut off for a time from everyone who would be likely to tell her, she had not heard of Reginald's conduct, I must needs blurt it all out and ask her what she thought of her work."

"Well, and then?"

"Then she just dropped down like a stone at my feet. I was in a fright. I thought I had killed her. She had brain fever afterwards, and then she got up from her sick-bed as you see her now. Silent, old for her years, and cracked about other folks' grievances. Reginald Brangton's name has never crossed her lips of late years, and I hope and believe she has got over the whole business. Time for her, I'm sure. It's fifteen years now since she ran away—she ought to have more sense by this time, but I doubt if she has."

Mr. Brinsley doubted it too. The whole revelation was so

thoroughly in keeping with her character, so exactly the sort of thing she would do. Was there any extreme of misplaced generosity, of unnecessary self-sacrifice that this woman would shrink from? He asked himself this question with a curious dilation of the heart akin to pride. The story, though it had startled, had not displeased him. He was not jealous of this old love of hers; a hopeless scamp safe in the Colonies was pretty well out of harm's way, and the whole thing had happened fifteen years ago. He also had got over his first love story a long time before, and did not feel that these episodes in any way interfered with present affairs. He was strangely touched by what he heard; and though Miss Johnstone's behaviour was as little to be approved as were her political principles, the very unusualness, the very folly of it had an attraction of its own.

He mused long over the elder Miss Johnstone's communication; and his musings were those of a man in love. For Mr. Brinsley was very much in love; so much so that he began to consider seriously the best manner of imparting the fact to the lady of his choice. It was curious that though no man was more fully aware of his advantages, he should have felt a little diffident as to the result of his declaration. It was absurd to doubt for a moment that he would be accepted: he was a man still in the prime of life; the position he could offer was most desirable for a woman of her inclinations; and personally she had shown that she liked him; but he *did* doubt, nevertheless.

Accordingly, things drifted on much as before; Mr. Brinsley frequently visited The Holt, and every now and then when Miss Johnstone was unusually charming would ask himself: Shall it be to-day? But there was a certain something about her, even when most gracious and at her ease, that invariably caused the answer in his own mind to be: No, better wait a little longer.

V.

THE season was nearly over ; London was at its hottest, and stuffiest, and dustiest ; and people, stifling on staircases, and gasping under the smoke-dried trees, began to think longingly of sea-breezes, shady foreign *allées*, and heather-scented moors.

Mr. Brinsley, hot, dusty, but good-humoured, stood one afternoon in the little porch at The Holt. His charioteer could be discovered jogging peacefully down the road in the direction whence he came, for the Editor had a couple of hours at his disposal and meant to walk back when it was cooler. Miss Mauritia Johnstone was out, the little maid told him, but had gone only a very little way into the forest, and had left word that if a gentleman called he was to follow her there. Hence Mr. Brinsley's good humour ; this was a more marked sign of favour than she had hitherto shown, and, as he stood there sniffing the flower-scented breeze, and smiling to himself, he almost resolved that it should be *to-day*. Through the white gate he went again, and into the forest : the forest, which was silent in the July heat, except for the rustling of the leaves under his feet, and an occasional whirr of wings, and hum of summer insects. And here, at a few paces from him, seated at the foot of a splendid oak tree, with her face in shadow, and her soft light-coloured dress glorified by a stray sunbeam, was his Spirit of the Woods.

At the sound of his footfall she started up eagerly, her expression, her attitude, denoting an intensity of expectation that somehow there and then gave the death-blow to Mr. Brinsley's hopes. That look was *not for him* ; he knew it by intuition even before it was replaced by an expression of the disappointment which she could not disguise on perceiving him. As he approached and took her hand, he resolved that it should not be *to-day*, that possibly, probably, it would never be at all.

"I have only come for a little while, and will not detain you," he said, with his customary smile (and amid far more weighty

disappointments he was conscious of a ludicrous dismay at the thought of the hot, dusty walk before him—why had he not kept the fly?). “Your servant tells me you expect a visitor.” He watched with an odd calm the eyelids droop for a moment, and a tell-tale wave of colour sweep over cheek and brow: it was just as he thought.

“Yes, I am expecting somebody,” she answered, a little confusedly, “but surely that needn’t—you will rest a little before you return?” There was not the usual ring of sincerity in her voice, but Mr. Brinsley was quite willing to rest, and after a short pause endeavoured to beguile the time according to his wont. It was uphill work this afternoon, however, the state of his own feelings being against him to begin with, and the constrained, nervous, and absent demeanour of Miss Johnstone embarrassing him considerably.

“Confess,” he said at last, breaking off abruptly with an unmirthful laugh—“confess that you have not listened to one word I have been saying?”

“No, you are right, I have not,” she answered frankly. “I cannot collect my thoughts to-day. You see, I have been taken by surprise. An old friend of mine, whom I never expected to see again, has suddenly discovered my whereabouts and is coming to see me to-day. It is so unexpected—you must excuse me.”

“Oh, certainly,” returned Mr. Brinsley, with a dull smile on his face and a dull pain in his heart. He knew now exactly how it was. It was all as clear to him as though she had told him; he could even trace the workings of her mind. She would not marry Reginald Brangton fifteen years ago, when he was young, rich, well-behaved, and prosperous, because she feared to blight his career; now he had returned, middle-aged and an outcast, she would devote her life to him, and pour out all the vials of her tenderness upon his head, that she might make him amends for the wrong unwittingly done him in the past.

The sound of footsteps was heard hastening along the path ; and a tall, lean man, with a sallow careworn face, and clothes of barbarous cut, strode along almost breaking into a run on catching sight of Mauritia.

Mauritia rose, forgetful as it seemed of Mr. Brinsley's presence, and stretched out her arms.

"Reginald," she said, "you have found me out?"

"Yes, I have found you out, at last," said Reginald, as they clasped hands.

They stood thus, the colour brightening in Mauritia's face, her eyes sparkling, a new revelation of beauty almost dazzling one beholder, probably two beholders, for there was a something in Reginald Brangton's face that Mr. Brinsley could even less bear to see.

There was a pause, and then Mr. Brinsley rose from his mossy seat and said he thought he really must be going.

M. E. FRANCIS.



François Coppée.

IN 1866 a volume of verse appeared in Paris, entitled "Parnasse Contemporain," the work of young associates having enthusiasm for Letters, audacity towards authority, and the rhyming faculty in common. With enthusiasm as wide as it was generous, audacity rather impetuous than commanding, and a cleverness in verse artifice not to be gainsaid, they pushed an outpost into the literary field which compelled attention.

Literature having survived the ferment of Romanticism, and the warfare ended, a harvest of more or less value had been duly garnered. This done, there were appearances of that repose, if not lethargy, whence Romanticism had awakened it, when another band of literary vagabonds disturbed its self-content.* They were precocious learners restive to found a new school of the absolutism of form, the sovereignty of style, and art in and for itself. Not that we would signalise them as original in this sacrifice of being to form. The essence of their movement is to be seen in Gautier, and more markedly in De Banville, as the influence of Leconte de Lisle is manifest in one of them. But though clearly discernible the emphasis is less, the insistence more tolerant in the masters; and it is this stress, this contumacy, so to speak, which differentiates the younger men from their elder contemporaries. Hence an aggressiveness if not noisy at least annoying, a boldness which

* Between the Romantics and the Parnassians, Gautier, Baudelaire, and Leconte de Lisle might be considered a school of neo-Romantics. But Gautier was too closely allied to the Romantics themselves to be credited with founding a new school; Leconte de Lisle is not strictly a Romantic at all; and Baudelaire justly considered was rather corrosive, than creative, of essentials to a school.

was felt as impertinence, a cleverness most irritating. So Paris said, Let us ridicule them ; their enthusiasm let us laugh at ; their audacity we will mock ; their deft-handedness we will vilify ! Nay, let us nickname them !

A poem of Glatigny, dedicated to Gautier, "*L'Impassible*," and a surreptitiously published letter of Richard's recommending "*L'Impassibilité*" to thinkers, offered a good enough stick to beat the young dogs with. They were jeered at as "*Les Impassibles*." Well ; the word was this far true, they remained unmoved by the sarcasm. A happier thought was a sneer ; "*Les Parnassiens* !" Two cabbies, having a wrangle, exhausted their never shallow reserve of abuse. The victor, that his enemy might writhe in an agony which should be mortal, stabbed him with a supreme, "*Parnassien ! Va !*" Neither venom was fatal : the affray amused the Parisians, but invigorated the Fantaisistes. Their hearts young and heads strong, their love of letters real, the fight braced them, chastening exuberances, making clearer the value of their objects. Correcting some false ideas it strengthened what truth was in them. They drew the sting from ridicule in benefiting by it. They rose on their enemies' successes, and have writ their names on the very stones cast at them. Catulle Mendès, Sully Prudhomme, De L'Isle-Adam, François Coppée, and Armand Silvestre are on the roll of French Literature. Where is the muster of the scoffers ?

In the early years of the sixties Catulle Mendès was modestly located in the small apartment of a second floor. Though it was mid-winter, the hearth was yet strewn with ashes from a fire the previous lodger had paid for. The door was opened, without formality of knocking, to admit—in addition to a further supply of bitter air—Emmanuel Glaser, a vagabond Hungarian poet, with a stranger. The latter "very young, rather thin, pale, with a keen look, shy eyes that glanced about ; clad in a narrow coat, new and very neat, he looked somewhat like a commercial clerk or small official ; yet at the same time the distinction

of his face, the ironical charm of his smile, the indefinable sweetness and slight sadness, the Parisian character in his whole attitude, compelled notice and constrained attention. . . . He looked round at the fireless hearth, the single cane chair from which I rose, the narrow bedstead of discoloured iron, the curtains of old pink calico, the dismal window-panes which gave darkness rather than light. And when he had contemplated it all—all the ugliness, all the greyness, he said to me, gazing at me with melancholy eyes, 'Monsieur, you live in a room that makes one wish to hang oneself!' And these were the first words I ever heard from the mouth of François Coppée."

The three were enabled to dine together by the sale of a Bouillet Dictionary, sacrificed by Mendès: a life-long friendship between the poor War Office clerk and the poorer *littérateur* being a result of the holocaust.

Quiet, self-denying, punctual to distasteful duties, the young fellow was keeping together the little household his father's early death had thrown upon him. Sheltering his mother ("une Sainte" of his poem) from anxiety, his sisters from care, he made them an unassuming home of brightness and serenity. And when it is fitting the veil be withdrawn a devotedness akin to that of Charles for Mary Lamb will be revealed as having existed between François and Annette Coppée. With this introduction to letters, and the peace of a gentle home to sustain him, Coppée won his way from a clerkship to the Odéon; to librarianship of the Comédie Française; to the French Academy; and to the widest popularity of any contemporary poet of his country.

That his fame should be extensive is not, at first sight, convincing as to its worth. The level of his aspiration is not high; his ethical sympathy is narrow; the value of his life-appreciation small. He has neither depth of insight nor breadth of outlook. He is without the richness of accumulated knowledge, or of creative forethought. He brings no new illumination

to the problems, no keen guesses to the questionings, of life; nor that prescience of finely-tempered minds which arrests and strikes. He has the gift neither of rare surprise nor of the fascination that haunts. There is little of the grit of steadfast strength in him, little of the salt of invigorating energy. Indeed, his subjects are often commonplace, his treatment sometimes—in a literary sense—mean.* Nevertheless, though M. Coppée makes little appeal to those who ask for imagination, idea, thought, or a philosophy of life in poetry, he is the most read poet in France. The reason lies, we think, in his hold upon two differing audiences. For the one he has a charm of workmanship; for the other, sincerity and pity.

By distinction in the use of words, by their justness of choice and spell of effect; by the uniqueness their positions achieve; by the pleasure of his rhymes, their spontaneity and change, the engaging suppleness of his measure and its felicitous ease, M. Coppée can hold readers of taste, and surmount a lack of interest from which many of his themes suffer. Through an exact knowledge of his limits and strict reserve within them, he is master in the domain thus bounded. He never exhausts his strength, and thus appears strong. He has the air of a man in earnest to express and impress a conviction. He leads up to the point he wishes to emphasise, strikes it, and it is done. Seldom—we speak of him at his best—a line too many, a word

* One of these Homeric nods has been happily, and not unkindly, parodied.

Un jour—et vous ne m'en croirez si vous voulez,
Car un événement simple est parfois bizarre,—
Ayant sous le bras deux paquets bien ficelés,
Je me dirigeais du côté de Saint-Lazare.
Après avoir pris mon billet sans démêlés
J'entre dans un wagon et j'allume un cigare
D'un sou. Le train—nous en étions fort désolés,—
Etant omnibus, s'arrêtait à chaque gare.
Soudain il siffle et fait halte. Au même moment
Un monsieur, pénétrant dans mon compartiment,
Prend les billets ainsi qu'on ferait une quête;
—Et moi, content de voir enfin ma station,
Je remets mon billet sans contestation
A l'employé portant un O sur sa casquette.

too much, or an ornament uncalled for. His object is never dimmed by elaboration, nor his sentiment weakened by metaphor. Simple and therefore clear, direct and therefore cogent his motives are definite ; and knowing well what he has to say, with no hesitation as to the effect he can achieve, he rarely misses the mark. At his best his workmanship is perfect.

Of that, as artifice in delicate word combination, in supple rhythm and cunningly devised rhymes, the "Bouquetière," "Ferrum quod est amant," "Le Lys," and "Le Fils des armures," would be our *pièces justificatives*. Of his mastership with a single picture, his power by a simple detail, those old-world stories of but a few lines, the "Récits épiques," give ample measure. How surely he drives home his idea (by three words)—a climax quietly but firmly led up to with neither haste nor waste—can be seen in "Le Pharaon." Or, with what definiteness he will sublimise an accent of pity "L'Hirondelle du Boudha" is proof. Of his restraint, of an economy—which, though it may hide strength or weakness, seldom, in his case, suggests the latter—the two essential lines in "Les deux Tombeaux" are witness. To sum up by a single example :

Istvan Benko, magnat de la steppe hongroise,
 Le même qui portait au pouce une turquoise
 Qui pâlisait, dit-on, quand le Turc arrivait,
 Prodiguait follement tout le bien qu'il avait.
 Ce seigneur fut vraiment magnifique ; et l'on conte
 Que, dans un bal Champêtre, un jour, le riche comte
 Vint, parmi ses vassaux, en superbes habits,
 Couvert de diamants, de saphirs, de rubis,
 Et de lourds sequins d'or, qu'il avait, par caprice,
 Mal attachés exprès au drap de sa pelisse,
 Afin que, tout le temps qu'il serait à danser,
 Ils tombassent par terre et qu'on put ramasser.
 Certes, les pauvres gens ne s'en firent pas faute.
 Mais, quand ce fut fini, leur noble et puissant hôte
 Alla droit vers un vieux qui, resté dans son coin,
 S'était croisé les bras en regardant de loin,
 Vrai magyar, en manteau de laine aux larges manches,
 En talpack noir, et dont les deux moustaches blanches
 Tombaient sévèrement sous un nez de vautour.

"Je voudrais te donner quelque chose à ton tour, Père," lui dit le comte Istvan avec malice ;
"Mais je n'ai plus un seul sequin sur ma pelisse.
Dis-moi : Pourquoi n'as-tu voulu rien ramasser ?"

Le vieillard répondit :

"Il fallait se baisser."

That is all. But how much of history is there ? The old arrogance of the Optimates, such as it was, under Zapolya ; the fierce pride of the true Hungarian ; the stern, silent bitterness unquenched even in the debasement of the peasantry. All these "Récits" are goldsmith's work, not the cameos or intaglios of gem sculpture, but the raised figure, polished and finished, the embodiment of the designer in relief ; free, clear, and outstanding its surroundings. We should have wished to quote "Un Evangile," a sentiment and treatment after St. Francis of Assisi ; but we must ask the reader, having it by heart, to recite it in some humble home, and test if M. Coppée be not the poet of the poor, the poet of pity. For if he have the goldsmith's art of moulding in relief, he has also his dexterity in mixing alloys and assaying the mixed metals.

To those who feel roughly, if strongly, who are touched by picture rather than idea, his subjects and sympathies come readily home, and abide there. His interest in every-day-life of every-day men has a vitality which brings him very close to the heart of the people. They see in him not a dissector of their hidden life, not an experimenter upon their moral fibres, but one whose sincerity recognises a heroism in their sacrifices, and touches their sorrows with pity. He is not for them an inquisitive idler looking for themes ; he lacks invention to create ; but he is the enlightener unto themselves of their lives, the interpreter of their hopes, the guardian of their feelings, and the awakener of their interests. They recognise his sincerity in the surety of his touch ; his pity in the forbearance of his treatment. The Villonesque surrender of "Le Jongleur" is contagious, and quickly

responded to ; the intensity and pathos of "La Grève" is instant and sure in its support. It is too full of their heart-blood, too throbbing with their heart-ache, too fierce in its truth, too stern in its reality not to bite into the most brutalised nature. And, indeed, in "Le Père" he takes this brutalised nature and, overshadowing it with the sleep of a child, softens it to tears : a tenderness that must be possible, or he would not picture it.

All this is power, a very ample one, of which M. Coppée is easily master. Would children have a picture of their parents' mothers, there is "Les Aïeules," with its tender unveiling of the silent non-association with, the resigned dissociation from, the hurry of life while yet in the very midst of it : the instinctive recompense old age seeks from bright sunlight and warm sunshine, for the shadows that chill both heart and mind : with its peaceableness echoed in the languid movement of the softly closing verses. Would parents learn the sympathy lying latent everywhere for their little ones? Listen :

Le soleil froid donnait un ton rose au grésil,
Et le ciel de Novembre avait des airs d'Avril.
Nous voulions profiter de la belle gelée,
Moi chaudement vêtu, toi bien emmitouflée
Sous le manteau, sous la voilette et sous les gants,
Nous franchissions, parmi les couples élégants,
La porte de la blanche et joyeuse avenue,
Quand soudain jusqu' a nous une enfant presque nue
Et livide, tenant des fleurettes en main,
Accourut, se frayant à la hâte un chemin
Entre les beaux habits et les riches toilettes,
Nous offrir un petit bouquet de violettes.
Elle avait deviné que nous étions heureux
Sans doute et s'était dit : ils seront généreux.
Elle nous proposa ses fleurs d'une voix douce,
En souriant avec ce sourire qui tousse.
Et c'était monstrueux, cette enfant de sept ans
Qui mourait de l'hiver en offrant le printemps.
Ses pauvres petits doigts étaient pleins d'engelures.
Moi, je sentais le fin parfum de tes fourrures,
Je voyais ton cou rose et blanc sous la fanchon,
—Nous fîmes notre offrande, amie, et nous passâmes ;

Mais la gaité s'était envolée, et nos âmes
Gardèrent jusqu' au soir un souvenir amer.

Mignonne, nous ferons l'aumône cet hiver.

In "Les Humbles," M. Coppée has drawn even more acutely the pathos in the annals of the poor ; a woman's self-sacrifice and its fell reward, in "La Nourrice" ; an orphan's self-renunciation to pay a mother's debts in "Un fils" ; acts of unfamed devotedness, lives of uncomplaining hopelessness, sacrifices the doers never dream of as heroic. His material here is scanty clothed humanity ; but if we see the nakedness it is not because with a laugh he lifts the rags ; if he show the rags it is not that we may scoff at the nakedness.

He is therefore the poet craftsman and the poet of pity : no less is he a poet of much loving of love with ever a souvenir of sadness around it—through whose laugh vibrates a sigh—and whose music bears the echo of some melancholy. A sense of the waste that love entails, a burden of the wear that love exacts is constantly about him, its "nectar smack'd of hemlock on the lip," its "rich ambrosia tasted aconite." Though neither in habit of life nor habit of mind a Bohemian, what a cry there is in a sonnet such as this, written among his earlier verse :

SOLITUDE.

Je sais une chapelle horrible et deffamée
Dans laquelle autrefois un prêtre s'est pendu.
Depuis ce sacrilège effroyable on a dû
La tenir pour toujours aux fidèles fermée,
Plus de croix sur l'autel, plus de cierge assidu,
Plus d'encensoir perdant son âme parfumée,
Sous les arceaux déserts une funèbre armée
De feuilles mortes court en essaim éperdu.
Ma conscience est cette église de scandales ;
Mes remords affolés bondissent sur les dalles ;
Le doute, qui faisait mon orgueil, me punit.
Obstiné sans grandeur, je reste morne et sombre,
Et ne puis même plus mettre mon âme à l'ombre.
Du grand geste du Christ qui plane et qui bénit.

To such loneliness before his God, to such separation from spiritual desires had passion brought him : a cost of which he can never quite free his memory. Yet he has none of the perverse imaginings, nothing of the demoralising fantasy of Gautier. Still less the rampant viciousness, the cynical perversity of Baudelaire. With neither M. Richepin on the one hand, nor M. de Maupassant on the other, has he kin or affinity. His dedication of his poems to his sister is actual and real, a gift of sympathy to sympathy, of heart to heart : "some few written, all of them supervised, in the comfort of her presence," in the still warm words of a poet too soon dead. Yet this hunger of the spiritual impulses—the sense of loss of the inner life is so constant as to be a note of his love poetry. It pervades all the more personal poems with a melancholy of which he cannot rid himself. Nor is it the phase of a month, or a year. Twenty years later, in his "*Arrière-Saison*"—a book which emphasises the want of the aspirations we are indicating—there is a strangely similar sonnet of weird imagery :

Mon cœur était jadis comme un palais romain
Tout construit de granits choisis, de marbres rares ;
Bientôt les passions, comme un flot de barbares,
L'envahirent, la hache et la torche à la main.
Ce fut une ruine alors. Nul bruit humain.
Vipères et hiboux. Terrains de fleurs avares.
Partout gisaient brisés porphyres et carrares ;
Et les ronces avaient effacé le chemin.
Je suis resté longtemps, seul, devant mon désastre,
De midis sans soleil, de minuits sans un astre,
Passèrent, et j'ai, là, vécu d'horrible jours ;
Mais tu parus, enfin, blanche dans la lumière,
Et bravement, afin de loger nos amours,
Des débris du palais j'ai bâti ma chaumière.

But beyond this he cannot, apparently, go ; and we are left to fear neither the throe of his thought escapes nor the sting of his soul darts through the barrier of flesh ; that he allows himself to remain incapable of the realisation Browning reached in

the closing stanza of a "Réverie" in *Asolando*. And hence there are traces, here and there, of an attitude to religious effects which are false and hurtful. False, because, we are sure, they arise from not full knowledge : hurtful, because they wound the otherwise frank sympathy which is his due. But they are not essential to, nor distinctive of, his poetry, rather a mental euripus whence he escapes to the truer and saner issues of "Un Evangile," "Vincent de Paul," and "Un Ange Gardien."

We have done M. Coppée the injustice of forgetting him as a *conteur* and as a literary dramatist. We will not add to the injustice by touching upon either at the end of an article.

D. MONCRIEFF O'CONNOR.

An Architect in Exile.

TO one banished to a quiet corner of Kent it is amusing to watch the pranks of the people in town. A daily paper, an occasional crawl by the South Eastern Railway to London, and a little fancy, give materials for a tolerable picture of a part of London life. The Weald of Kent varies in everything but its perennial beauty. To-day it is green and leafless; it will soon flash with blossom; it will deepen thereafter into multitudinous greens; later it will be tawny and white and gold; all the year it will be circled by the blue rim of the remotest hills. The beauty of London is not so obvious as that of the Weald; its external aspect does, indeed, vary with the time of year; but the difference is little more than the difference between a smile and a frown on a face that is mostly austere and stern. It is human London that changes with the months and develops with the years; throwing into the shade the monotonous stretching out of suburbs or even the central re-edification. The people in Kent do not vary much; they wear top-coats sometimes and sometimes they can do without them; they appear cheerful when the farmhouse or the lodgings are let to enterprising strangers; presumably they earn their living. The few and wise have houses in town. In April the air at the top of St. James's Street—always the best in England—must be nearly at its best. A subtle sense of spring is in the pulses of people, in the shops, in the newly-furbished hansoms, in the

dress of women and men. London has but one season, while Kent has four seasons ; that one season has begun.

To a stranger and occasional pilgrim, London seems less serious than it used to be. It seeks amusement more strenuously and more intelligently than it was wont to do ; its codes are more tolerant, its philosophy is more epicurean, its views are more cosmopolitan. The two best done things are now, more than ever, the gaining of gold and the pursuit of pleasure. The western part of London is the real London. It is alone in England. The City, the East End, Brixton, Clapham, have their parallels in Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester. One must go westward to catch the true flavour of metropolitan life. That flavour is extracted from the accumulated wealth, the leisure, the brain power, the fortunate beauty, the education, the historic continuity of the capital of a renowned country. This London is a microcosm of what is best and of much that is bad in the English-speaking world. But its superficial aspect is more entertaining than impressive. To the inhabitants of this chosen place it would not seem that anything matters very much. Dinners, of course, are essential ; theatres are of distinct importance ; dress meets with deserved attention. But events on which Macaulay would have written an essay, or "Historicus" an article, are but the gossip of a day at the clubs. The tragedy and the comedy of life are regarded with amused curiosity tempered with indifferentism. Statesmen are but marionettes, the fate of parties is but a merry-go-round, amid the spaces of Vanity Fair.

To come to more serious things : the well-meant practice of slumming has for some time been "sloping slowly to the west" : there it will probably remain. The east, nevertheless, is exactly where it was. Smart journalism is evicting literature ; well-spiced paragraphs provide a banquet like unto Sancho's in Barataria : they leave the mental stomach too irritated for solid food. Sculpture is mostly in the hands of the Vestries, where it

is only too likely to remain ; even Piccadilly Circus is not to have the work of Mr. Gilbert. Doubtless that of the painters has again this year been received in the usual manner—with criticism that is mostly chatter, often with the sapient stupidity of silence, and only now and then with the insight that is knowledge.

The London world is always an amusing place : it is most amusing when, as now, its main object is to be amused. The reign of Charles II. is more entertaining than are the fierce Puritan days. The earnest restlessness of Elizabethan times is not so pleasing to students as the age which produced " Sir Roger de Coverley " and " The Rape of the Lock." The pigmies are much better fun than the giants. Still, to do it justice, our own period is more omnivorous of good things than any previous one ; the age that gave us Gulliver and the *Spectator* could not digest the whole-meal bread of Elizabethan literature : we can assimilate them both. We can do this, too, without ceasing to be amusing. The feat is rendered more wonderful still by our capacity for languidly admiring the artistic expression, in every direction, of all times and all countries.

We can do even more than this ; sceptics though we be, we can believe in people who believe in themselves. The present pets of a *dilettante* world are the engineers. They are taken on their own survey, which is a high one. Like the builders of Babel they both work and talk ; they toil in the offices of Westminster and in the workshops of the north ; they spin gossamers of lattice girders, in spans and altitudes enormous, before the wondering upturned gaze of mortals. Their steamships sail and sink on every ocean ; their corkscrew railways twist through the hard heads of mountains. They take ironclads out to sea, where they occasionally leave them ; they weld gigantic guns, which are burst, experimentally, from time to time. In various ways they make the landscape ugly, but useful. Their virility captivates an effeminate time : their scorn of beauty endears

them to the sensation-seeking crowd. The appalling ugliness and size of the Forth Bridge has confirmed their claim to the awe and admiration of mankind. Therefore their credit is in the land ; their reputation, in our day, shall not be taken from them. Kings shall distribute titles to them, the solemn chorus of the penny press shall extol them.

Among the forms of artistic expression from which our many-sided age is not altogether averse, is architecture. It goes without saying that the age knows very little about it. This, in itself, should be sufficient to excite its enthusiasm : but, alas ! architecture is not sufficiently recondite and, apparently, incomprehensible ; if it were, esoteric Buddhism might retire to its native Himalayas. Still, as it fulfils a harmless and necessary function, the art of building does not pass without notice. As it is more easy to talk archæological slang than to use the technical jargon of architecture, the older buildings are most in favour among the talkers. An ancient building has grown into a reputation ; it is therefore impossible to go wrong in praising it. Herein there is reason for an exile in a corner of Kent to rejoice. He is surrounded by good examples about which his eloquence may "burn with safety." Within a few miles there are Hever Castle, Penshurst Place, and Knole House. Hever has its moat, its Perpendicular gateway and portcullis, and its room in the tower haunted by the agonised ghost of condemned Anne ; opposite the church of Hever is the inn of Henry VIII. The local tradition, discussed over pots of Hadlow ale, is to the effect that the hostel was first called "Boleyn Butchered" : the Tudor conquered even in Anne's village, and the name became "The Bull and Butcher." To fastidious partisans even this title seemed a reproach ; the sign of "Henry VIII." was accepted by all parties at last : it covered every infamy.

Penshurst, as becomes the memory of Sir Philip Sidney, has the cultured manner of a Cambridge college ; its broad wall spaces are as reposeful as classic poetry and art. The

trees in the park are as trained and decorous as dons : the birches are the antique relations of the girl graduates of Girton. As we come into inner Kent we meet Knole ; here the dominant note is chimneys—those types of hospitality. And what chimneys ! Tall, large-throated, generous : the kiln that burnt their bricks merely made them red ; but kindly winters and amorous summers have dyed them deeper than richest peonies ; they are dark, but beautiful : their exquisite profiles cut the sky just a little more softly than they did three hundred years ago. To walk round the grey stone front and the square of the immense garden wall behind it, is to walk a mile ; a park, deer-inhabited, surrounds this many-staircased pile.

But the London of which we speak has little practical interest in the architecture of the past. Its thought should be in the present and in the immediate future. If it is not, architects will no doubt still do their duty. Indeed, outside indifference is inside opportunity. The ignorance of the public grants to architects the bliss of experiment. They can start their own fashions. To do them justice they generally do. Countries, periods, and sometimes brains are ransacked to find novelties. They dive to Georgian depths in pursuit of domestic expression ; they study the tortured gables of Hanseatic towns that they may mimic the picturesque. For quietism they copy English manor houses ; at times they pose as weary connoisseurs amid revivals of the later enervated Gothic. Some loftier spirits, fired with the hope of fame, grope after some little style which has not yet been caught ; if they find it they are happy for a time ; but soon they can say with Tennyson :

Most can grow the flower now,
For all have got the seed.

Theatres, clubs, hotels, and restaurants multiply ; where new London is not a stage it is mostly dinner-tables. The poorly we have always with us : yet this phoenix city builds chiefly for the healthy and the gay. Thronged and vigorous life is more

than ever its characteristic. It sucks into its arteries the superfluous energy of counties, and provinces, and nations. It is therefore an earthly paradise for those who love to build and for those who get the chance to build. Yet let not the anxious father determine in a hurry to make his son an architect. Careful observation of the signs of the times would suggest that he had much better make him a *chef*. The architect finishes his building: he may not get another. The *chef* goes on for ever. The possibilities of his career are great; his position is always dignified and autocratic; he may, if he be really ambitious, unite in his own person the science of the chemist, the inspiration of the artist, and the salary of a Junior Lord. His fame may even cover continents. His opportunities are great and are increasing; the race of Hebrew millionaires will not cease; America, as a field for operations, is but slightly developed compared with what it must be. It is to be hoped that parents in difficulties about a career for their sons will carefully weigh these considerations. How many, after studying architecture for years, give up their endeavours and slip away into some other calling: their opportunity never comes. Others remain through all their lives the instruments which carry out the ideas of others. Still, the architect who has found clients and friends, who has gathered around him a gracious family of happily-executed designs, and who has realised, if only in part, the hopes of his pupilage, would not change positions with the politician, the engineer, or even the *chef*.

BERNARD WHELAN.

To Robert Louis Stevenson.

THOU dear Companion—whom perchance,
If knowledge be the face to face,
I shall not know through all my race—
In letter-lore as I advance,

I see thee stepping silently
From waving fields of golden words,
With bandaged eyes and songs of birds
That thrill their notes unheedingly.

Yet more than bird, great Silver-throat,
Most human friend, I learn thy ways,
And past the parting of all days
I look for thee—knowing thy note.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

*The Story of a Conversion.*CHAPTER IV. (*Continued from p. 452.*)

THE NATURE OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

TIME was when anyone who had become a Catholic could give a sufficient reason for the faith that was in him by comparing with the doctrines of the Catholic Church the opinions of some Protestant sect from which he had emancipated his intelligence. But that time is past, since thirty years ago a broad way of unbelief was opened, leading

Sola sub nocte per umbram
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna.

I was for a while caught up, as I have related, in the crowd of those who take this left hand road ; and I have paused to explain why I deserted the naturalistic theory of religion and of Holy Scripture, but without confining myself in my explanations, to books and pamphlets written thirty years since. Such a self-imposed restriction would have been unprofitable and unreal.

To take up this subject where it was laid down a month ago, even the very superstitions which existed among the fathers of the Jewish people were apparently the remains of the "Natural Religion," if it may be so called, of shepherd races—a veneration of the heavens at large, from which comes storms and fine weather, a belief in the supernatural or quasi-supernatural nature of fire, of lightning, and of the heavenly bodies, and a superstitious veneration for watering-places, trees, and hills, for megaliths, and for rude domestic charms. In accordance with the general system of nature and Providence, they appear to have been weaned from them indirectly, by the slow opening out of a better way, rather than in a direct manner ;

and not by any sudden shock, but slowly and almost insensibly. With respect to these and other matters the narrative of Holy Scripture acquires to a reflecting mind an antecedent probability from its correspondence with what the nature of the case and the workings of Divine providence may reasonably be expected to have been. By the exceptionally long continuance of the pastoral life among them, they must have been to at least a large extent preserved from elaborate systems of false worship. Nomads may pray to the unseen divinity of a desert stream, or may bear a rustic charm in the folds of their garments ; but they can have no rich and ancient temples, and can carry about with them no great and solemn idols. The reiterated migrations—from Ur to Haran, from Haran to Canaan, from Canaan to Egypt—kept them apart from those among whom they sojourned, but among whom they never had time to feel themselves at home, and prevented them from being lost like a drop in the ocean of other Chaldæans and Canaanites. The bondage in Egypt, which must have tended to give them a distaste for the idolatries of their oppressors, and to make them—though still prone to false worship—less likely to be swallowed up in it than they would have otherwise been, was necessary to make the Israelitic family, now grown up into a nation, both more united among themselves, and more pliable under the Divine hand. It is objected, that the early history of Israel must have been like that of other nations. But had it been so, no special controversies would ever have been raised about it by unbelievers. It would merely have belonged to the general ruck. The manifest truth is that it cannot possibly have been like that of other nations; for it issued in an entirely different result. Israel became the light of the world. We need not be surprised to find no record of the deliverance from Egypt on the monuments. To set up a memorial of the defeat of the national gods would have been regarded as unpardonably undutiful and impious ; to read or even to possess such a thing would have been held to

be of most evil omen.* Some great deliverance there must on any hypothesis have been: all the enthusiastic reminiscences of the later ages of Hebrew literature cannot have been based upon absolutely and utterly nothing, and if a something is admitted, who can say within what precise limits it is to be restricted? The introduction of a supernatural element is objected to: but how can anyone suppose that without a supernatural element the divine worship could become consolidated, among a very minor people from a secular point of view, who lived in a welter of great heathen nations? The Holy Land is of only about the size

* In the third century before Christ, Manetho, a native Egyptian priest, wrote at Alexandria, in Greek, for the instruction of those who were not acquainted with the Egyptian language and antiquities, a history of Egypt, in which he professed to give an account of the descent of the Israelites into Egypt, their stay there, and their departure; and the Israelitic portion of his history has been preserved (along with other fragments) in quotations and summaries by Georgius Syncellus, Josephus, Julius Africanus, and others. Part of this, which corroborates the Books of Genesis and Exodus where it touches on them, has been corroborated by modern discoveries; the other part, which is a tissue of ill-natured inventions, is inconsistent with them. In the first part, Manetho informs his readers that at a time which, by comparison of chronological data turns out to have been about 2,000 B.C., his country was invaded from the east by "men of base birth," who established themselves in Lower Egypt, and made the rest tributary to them; and their leader, "fearing that the Assyrians, who were then stronger than himself, would be desirous of the kingdom and would invade it, aimed chiefly at securing the eastern parts." We have here a key to the invasion; it was due to the eastern pressure spoken of previously. He adds that the invaders were Canaanites or Philistines (accompanied, according to another version, by tribes from farther to the south, as was natural); and we have here the key to the friendly reception of Abraham when he visited Egypt. He proceeds to say that they were [originally] pastoral nomads, and gives us to know that the Egyptians abominated tribes who lived in that way; whom they might well have hated, since such tribes lived on the animals the Egyptians worshipped. "The whole nation was called Hyksos, or shepherd kings; for in the sacred language the word Hyk signifies king, and in the ordinary dialect Sos means shepherds." The monuments call them simply Mena, shepherds; and show that in time they adopted Egyptian manners and customs. Abraham, in spite of his reputation of being a prophet, would not have been likely to have been on the footing related in Genesis xii. with a native Egyptian Pharaoh, nor would a native king have been in the least likely to make a foreign stranger like Joseph his vizier (Genesis xl.). Manetho not only removes for us the apparent improbabilities, but enables us to see how the Egyptians yielded an unwilling obedience under the pressure of the famine (Genesis xlvii. 19), and how it happened that Pharaoh himself retained some remnant of a pastoral life, and had cattle, which, however, he kept in a district apart, because the Egyptians abominated shepherds (Genesis xlv. 34; xlvii. 6). The last king of Manetho's earlier shepherds was Apepi, or Apcphis, under whom "it is universally acknowledged," says Julius Africanus, "that Joseph came into Egypt." There is evidence also, according to Brugsch Bey ("Egypt under the Pharaohs," vol. i.), of a great famine in Egypt about this time, and of storing of corn against it beforehand. In the reign of Apepi, however, the Hyksos were driven out of Egypt, where, nevertheless, away in the land of Goshen, the Israelites continued to live, paying tribute to the now native Pharaohs, but not, as

of Wales. It is a strip of country just under 140 miles long from Dan to Beersheba. A Great Northern express would run through it in two hours and twenty minutes on a level line of rails; and from the mountains to the south of it, the mountains to the north of it are visible. Its breadth is only forty miles, little more than a days' journey for a good pedestrian in spite of the hills, if only the roads were good and fairly straight; and from the deck of a ship on the Mediterranean the mountains of Moab east of it can be seen. How can any reasonable person suppose that under such circumstances the knowledge of God could

far as appears, especially molested by them as yet. Of these native Pharaohs, the first, according to the monuments, was Aahmes, previously sub-King of Thebes, who by driving out the Hyksos became the founder of the eighteenth dynasty and the first of a line of conquering kings whose exploits in Asia preclude the idea that in their days the Israelites were obtaining possession of, or were making their way undisturbed to, Palestine. But these exploits had effects which threatened both the religion and the polity of Egypt. Khu-en-Aten, the last prince of the dynasty, became exclusively attached to sun-worship, the later form of Semitic religion; he married a North Mesopotamian princess, and closed the temples of all the gods except the Semitic sun-god. There was, consequently, an anti-Semitic revolution; and Rameses II., the restorer of the ancient polytheism and the founder of the nineteenth dynasty, is—for reasons impossible to summarise, but indicated in detail by Lenormant and Chevallier ("History of Oriental Nations"), Brugsch Bey, and George Rawlinson—regarded by Egyptologists as the Pharaoh of the oppression. His son, Menephthah II., is regarded as the Pharaoh of the Exodus, which brings the Exodus down to the Rabbinical date. The monuments, while recording his great victory over the Libyans and his subjugation of rebels in Ethiopia, are mysteriously silent as to the end of his reign. But they inform us that calamities ensued, and that his son was unable to secure the allegiance of the people; and "a time of confusion and disorder set in, which is characterised by Rameses III. as a period of complete anarchy, when Egypt was without a master, and the various pretenders to power strove with and massacred one another" (Rawlinson, "Ancient Egypt," ii. 336, 337).

The second part of Manetho's relation is that, after the Hyksos had been driven out, there remained in Egypt impure persons [the Jews], who were set to hard labour in the mines; and that with them were certain learned priests affected with leprosy, among whom was a priest of Heliopolis, who was called Osarsiph, from Osiris, the god of Heliopolis. The gods revealed that they would not show themselves to the king till he expelled these wretches; but afraid of exciting their indignation by using violence to the learned priests, he delayed to do so; whereon they excited a rebellion, and Osarsiph, who was afterwards called Moses, gave to the rebels laws, one of which was that they should kill the sacred animals, and brought the Hyksos back. They got the granaries of Egypt into their possession, and perpetrated the greatest enormities; but, with the lepers and other polluted people, were driven out by Rameses II. and his father, and pursued to the borders of Syria. This obviously concocted and spiteful story, the reason for the necessity of which anyone can understand, is in utter contradiction to the monumental history of Rameses. Joseph, who married a daughter of the priest of On, or Heliopolis (Genesis xli. 50), is, by the way, confused in it with Moses. The *siph* in Osarsiph is perhaps the Hebrew *asaph*, a diviner (Genesis xliv. 15).

have been developed without supernatural interpositions? For any reasonable account of the subsequent history and temper of Israel—its realisation of sin, its consequent moral enthusiasm and devotion, its conception of God as a legislator—the giving of a Divine law at the outset of the national history must be postulated; the giving of a law, I mean, under such circumstances as those of which we read in the four remaining books of the Pentateuch, and not merely the laying down of precepts by a human chieftain to a pursued and flying people. Who can imagine such a being as the Greek Zeus or the Roman Jupiter enouncing the Ten Commandments and their accessory ordinances? The very fact that such a supposition was out of the question was the cause of the corruption—not of pagans merely, but—of paganism.

In leaving Egypt the Hebrews cease for a time to be connected with either of the two great empires, that of the Euphrates or that of the Nile. But what happened to them follows naturally and easily from the causes we have seen set in motion. The government of Josue and the Judges was a natural sequel to that of Moses; and would probably have continued had the previous inhabitants been driven out and not allowed to honeycomb the land, to threaten the frontiers, to render the roads unsafe, to make assemblies at a common centre for the yearly festivals impossible, and to afford a perpetual temptation to idolatry. But as they were not driven out, it was natural that the government of Judges should be succeeded by that of Kings. The division of the kingdom after Solomon's reign was an obvious consequence of the pressure of Syrian, and much more of Phœnician, ideas on the north. The north country was beginning to be a rotten limb, and had it not been severed,*

* "This thing is from me" (3 Kings xii. 24). The Syrian kingdom was of Aramæan race and language. The Phœnicians were of the same race as the Semitic Canaanites, and in their own language called themselves Canaanites, Phœnicians being only a foreign name given to them by the Greeks. Their language,

would have infected Judah and Jerusalem to a larger extent than even it did. Naturally, again, as the Assyrian empire, the daughter, and for some time the mistress of the Babylonian, consolidated itself more to the north and nearer to Syria and Palestine than Babylon, and when its rulers became more skilful in the movement and management of troops, the diminished distance became insufficient to secure Syria and even to protect Phœnicia and Palestine ; so that the northern and even the southern kingdoms became tributary to Assyria, and the northern was led away into captivity. Then came the destruction of the Assyrian empire by the Medes in alliance with the Babylonians ; the second Babylonian empire, which reached the apex of its glory under that great king, Nebuchadnezzar ; its suzerainty over the kingdom of Judah ; the intrigues in the latter with Egypt, against the warnings of the prophets ; the punishment of these intrigues by the seventy years' captivity in Babylonia ; and the liberation from the captivity through the destruction of the Babylonian empire by the advancing Medes, of whom the Persians were the leading tribe. As soon as the Hebrews come again into the field of general history by their relations with the Assyrian monarchs, their history receives abundant confirmations from the fuller and more frequent records of Assyria and Babylon. And there is in it an internal naturalness and self-consistency, a fulness of detail, an absence of national self-laudation, which distinguish it merely as a narrative from concocted histories ; and if, as we have seen, the earliest parts of it, where they can be independently verified by comparison with the remotest records of the past, show themselves to be historically true in face of

that of the Moabites, and Hebrew, differed only as one dialect differs from another ; and as they had themselves a tradition, confirmed by three passages in Holy Scripture (Deut. ii. 23 ; Jer. xlvii. 4 ; and Amos ix. 7), that they came from the neighbourhood of the Red Sea, the likelihood is that their migration to Phœnicia was connected with the expulsion of the Hyksos. Like the Canaanites generally, they worshipped a sun-god, Baal ; and their commerce, wealth, and material civilisation gave them great influence in the neighbouring northern kingdom, that of Israel, as distinguished from Judah.

allegations that they are only myths or legends of later date, we may have *so much the more* confidence as to its later portions, even from a simply natural and human point of view.

The seventy years captivity brings us to the time of Ezra, and to the question, "Who wrote those books?"

Looking back on the past, I can fairly say that I certainly did not become a Catholic because I did not care for or did not seek into the Holy Scriptures. All young people have their theories and imaginations, their questionings and suggestions. From the nature of the case they have a more copious supply of general ideas than they have of specific facts. The thing is to test the ideas by facts—not by what are sometimes called facts, but are really only general impressions under another name, eked out with a few facts here and there, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—but by historical facts taken in sufficient abundance, and taken from a sufficiently narrow sphere, to show how the land really lies. Nor, I can fairly add, has anything since I became a Catholic ever diminished my regard and love for the Holy Scriptures. I have often regretted, indeed, that Catholics did not bestow themselves more on their exegetical interpretation, so that it is practically indispensable in studying them from the historical or the linguistic side to have recourse to Protestant authors—to such writers as Driver, and Delitzsch, and Fuerst, and Gesenius, and the like. But the more I have considered the matter, the more am I convinced that this very historical and linguistic study is utterly incompatible with the Protestant theory of Holy Scripture. It has riddled that theory through and through. And there is nothing but the Catholic theory that will best supply its place and be compatible with a belief in revelation—a belief to the building up of which such considerations as I have been dwelling on are, as it were, the first course of stones.

X. Y. Z.

(*To be continued.*)

Leaves from a Lady's Note-Book.

A BAD
OLD QUARREL.

A BRIEF "silly season," out of due time, occurred after Easter this year, and the penny press filled it with old controversies. Of these the most elementary and the least profitable is the dispute between the sexes. No racial enmity, no tribal rivalry is quite so futile or so savage as the standing quarrel existing, and now and then breaking out, between men and women. These combatants have after all a great many interests in common, and spite between them are the sign of a curiously divided world. When woman complains of man's administration of affairs, and when man picks out of all the silly books published the silly books written by women, and reviews them specially as such, the stupid war may be said to be declared ; and strange to say man is rather the most unjust of the two. He reviews this literature with a distinct implication that it compromises and commits, intellectually, not the individual writers so much as the whole sex. Manifestly the inferior literature of men is not treated so. No one has ever made a point of his sex against Mr. Lewis Morris, or laid the recreations of the Country Parson to the account of manhood as separate from womanhood, or reproached the dominant half of the race with solidarity with the late Mr. Tupper. To do so would be to cast a kind of negative glory back upon women which they do not collectively deserve, any more than all persons with blue eyes should be encouraged to congratulate themselves on the absurdities of some particular author whose eyes are dark.

ACCUSATIONS. **A** MINOR phase of the standing quarrel consists in recrimination on the point of politeness. And here the wrangle is more reasonable, at least, inasmuch as the manners of men to women and of women to men are distinctly concerned with sex. Ladies complain that they are not handed up steep places or helped out of trains as much as they could wish ; and a few men have retorted that as Englishwomen do not consider such little services worthy of thanks, they cannot miss them greatly and will easily learn to do without them, or words to that effect. It is, unfortunately, too true that even comparatively nice women—even if they do not go the unmannerly length of omitting thanks altogether—make their barely audible acknowledgments in a tone implying one of two disagreeable things—that the attention paid to them is an intrusion, or that it is their due. Now, attention from man may be woman's right, but none the less should she receive it as a grace from him. Humility never marred any dignity worthy of the name. There is perhaps no more dignified figure in literature than that of Beatrice ; she refused to return Dante's salutation in the streets of Florence because she would not share it with the two unworthy ones who had a moment before surprised a bow from him. No one can accuse a lady so grave and unforgetful and unexcitable of lacking an inch of the lofty bearing of a responsible and influential woman. Nevertheless, humility is the note of that serious, beautiful, and gentle personality, as it stands in the *Vita Nuova*. A woman with a holy and humble heart—or a heart only a little holy and humble—who is interested in the neatness of her own gloves and is glad to spare them a contest with a stiff carriage-handle on the Underground, should show by her manner that she receives the attention of the man opposite, who turns it for her, as a human charity ; and she should look him in the face, like a candid Christian, when she thanks him. These little things, with good

grammar, are considered part of a French lady's education. No more than is grammar are they held of any importance in that of an English lady.

AN EXCUSE. **T**HE last sentence suggests to us that we are almost bound to retract the complaint with which we began our Notes 'this month. For is it just, after all, to find fault with the masculine reviewers for reviewing women-writers as women, when these latter persistently group themselves according to their sex by their almost unanimous "like I do," "whatever did you mean?" "I expect he did," and other characteristic things hardly less gross?

WOMAN AS ART **W**OMEN have naturally had more influence on the state of the picture market than would appear from the names of the buyers and sellers. As a rule the patron of the arts is a householder, and even when a picture pleases him greatly in the studio, he tells the expectant artist, "I cannot decide until I have brought my wife." That pictures have been selling languidly for some years past must therefore be partly due to women, and their reluctance to buy is caused by the ill effect of pictures regarded as mere decoration. And they obviously must be so regarded: they may be drama, landscape, design, but they are in any case wall - surface; and as such they are almost always unsuccessful, even disfiguring. Even a good picture may be so, and several good pictures together—various in scale, with their horizons at different heights, and with execution intended to be seen from different distances, are enough to make any wall hideous. Therefore the wife, who has learnt a good deal lately as to the arraying of her drawing-room,

goes to the craftsman rather than to the artist, for things to hang up. Nevertheless some pictures are less fatal than others. The impressionists, little as they cultivate prettiness, have produced canvases decorative by their breadth and simplicity, and by the beauty of their illumination. Moreover, this school paints for the light of drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, and not for the violent skylight of exhibitions, and this year the New English Art Club (chiefly composed of impressionists) held their show in an ordinary house, at Humphrey's Hall. Theirs is always the most interesting of all minor exhibitions.

PICTURES. TWO Catholic women are eminent in the exhibitions this year, and though neither their sex nor their religion separates their work in any way from that of their contemporaries, that work takes from both causes a place in these Notes. Lady Butler's kindness enables us to reproduce her rough sketch of "Evicted," the picture painted from painful personal witness in Ireland. The painter studied her model from a race that has more impulse and dramatic expression than our own—in its masses, that is, for the Irish classes have never been sufficiently recognised as the least demonstrative, whether in play of the glance, cadence of the voice, or variety of movement, among all contemporary peoples. But the evicted are of those who have dramatic expressiveness, and Lady Butler has taken this single and fervid nature in a moment of impassioned sorrow. The action cannot be called demonstrative, for the woman is essentially alone, and she is not appealing to any witnesses who could be struck to sympathy by that display which is made, consciously or unconsciously, by the outward expression of passion. Nevertheless her whole body is eloquent, and speaks by its very simplicity of the solitude and



AN EVICTION.
Thumb-nail Sketch of Lady Butler's Academy Picture.

spoliation which make the motive of the picture. The art which presents the drama of human feeling is little practised; for those who would achieve it lack the power; a few who could have not the will; and many of the younger school *seem* to lack the will and to devote themselves voluntarily to the quietness of familiar and customary events, whereas their limitations are rather to be explained by the fact that they are not possessed of the full energetic impulse without which both expression and movement in art are futile. Bastien Lepage in his wonderful "Joan of Arc" proved the profound spiritual imagination and the dramatic fire of his mind and temperament; his most beautiful and just technique had something to present besides the dim daily unawakened life of negative happiness which is the normal life of mankind. With this in its pictorial conditions the majority of our better painters are contentedly employed; but Lady Butler keeps worthily alive the tradition of expression.

A NEW
MADONNA.



RS. ADRIAN STOKES in her one important picture this year (at the Grosvenor Gallery) has given life again to another tradition—that of the Virgin and Child—too often the commonplace of art, but now long lapsed. Her Madonna, an Eastern woman covered with matronly draperies, has fallen asleep by the side of the little manger warmly filled with hay, wherein she has laid a radiant Child. The light of His halo is shed upon her, and He has the lovely action, tenderly studied from life, often seen in the arms of an infant. Nor is the fact that all four eyes are closed, depriving the picture of the usual centre of interest and light of life, felt as the cause of loss, so suggestive is it of that profound communion of sleep partaken.

DRESSES. **C**ATHOLIC women have not been behind-hand in the delicate art of costume. The Greek dress has never before been so perfectly displayed to an English audience—since the “Tale of Troy” some years ago at the Dowager Lady Freake’s—as it was by Lady Maidstone’s Antigone. Her noble figure and bearing certainly gave the dress exceptional advantages, but it was a real triumph of artistic grace, especially in the lovely and dignified folds that draped the shoulders and the upper part of the figure, and realised an ideal of all modesty and beauty. It was impossible to look at this perfect figure without lamenting that humanity should ever look trivial or meretricious in its clothes. The common retort, “But what about the Greek dress for the stout and short?” is quite a vain one; the stoutest and shortest, so clad, would look graceful and good, whereas with abruptly laced waists between breadths of bust and hips, it must reluctantly be asserted that they look neither.

ET CETERA. **S**ACRIFICING our ideals, however, to modern fashions, we may note the return of Mrs. Franklin (Madame Vera) with the freshest and prettiest of Parisian ideas for her bonnets; while another Catholic lady (Madame Frances et Cie.) offers, without any extravagance of price, some exceptionally successful dresses—teagowns, which are the nearest contemporary approach to anything like classic lines, being her best specialty.

The Collegian.

UNIVERSITY
ASSOCIATION.

IN the March number of *The Collegian* I gave expression to the desire which has arisen in quarters for a union of some kind among Catholic graduates who have made their profession of Arts, Medicine, or Science at London University. I then invited correspondence from any with possible suggestions on the matter. Mr. P. M. O'Brien has accordingly written as follows :

The idea of forming a union amongst the Catholic graduates of London University, which has been suggested by me in the columns of the Catholic press, is one which I think should receive some thought and consideration.

That it should not have been a *fait accompli* years ago seems to me to be only one of many illustrations of the difficulty that exists in getting Catholics to combine for a common object, no matter how close that object may be allied to their general good.

One would think that the bond of Catholicity—a common faith—would, considering the sufferings undergone in its maintenance by our ancestors in the three kingdoms alike, serve as the most powerful link to bind us together, no matter how strong the forces tending in other ways to diverge us.

I am not aware that any steps have been taken—at any rate of late years—in the interests of Catholic University education in England. Any Catholic who proposes to receive such an education has to run the risks and the dangers to faith a hundred times multiplied of the poor boy at the Board school. It is not necessary to speak of the agnosticism and materialism which nowadays pervade the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, especially the latter ; formerly the Catholic student had to stand assaults on his morals (using the word in its common application) now he must meet attacks on the very elements and first principles of his faith in addition. It must be deemed hard that a Catholic should have these obstacles to contend with when he

desires the distinction which a degree from either of these Universities carries with it.

Now although it is not possible to obtain the full distinction without exposing oneself to danger in regard to faith, it is possible to obtain a degree—and a degree of high value—but without the social additional acquirements which follow that of the older universities; this is a degree which can be obtained from the University of London with scarcely any danger to faith whatever—as the University is simply an examining body and knows none of its graduates or undergraduates.

Many Catholics in all grades of life have graduated there. Many of our principal Catholic colleges are affiliated to it, and send up numbers of their students, yearly and oftener, to its examinations; and this has been the case for years, so that there must be a large number of Catholic graduates at this present time.

Now why should they not endeavour, as much as in them lies, to supply some social “tone” not attached to them with their degree, and in some measure make up for the absence of the possibility of acquiring it in their period of graduation? Why cannot they meet to form a union, with branches in all the principal centres throughout the kingdom: branches also in all our great Catholic colleges which may when united in this way form one large Catholic body? The students of the different colleges would become known to one another when up for examination, could learn from one another, and could assist one another then and in after life.

Finally, I have to say that it has not been my object in this little paper to draw up any scheme. I merely give a rude draft with the hope that it may receive the criticism it deserves, and that from it may spring a scheme which will take in the objects hinted at in the foregoing sentiments; or something similar which will enable us to know one another, learn from one another, and work with one another for the great object of the advancement of our religion in these isles.

Mr. O'Brien must therefore consider himself the Apostle of University association, for in him undoubtedly resides the faith to urge and the energy to act. He complains of the supineness which refuses to consider common Catholicism sufficient excuse for a kind of academic community—a supineness which he seems to have found flourishing in causes whose nobility is perhaps not

equal to his. It may be—I speak not as one discouraging—that many Catholics do really find that a common creed is not sufficient cause for social communities; and whether they are to blame or not I shall certainly leave in the hands of the theorists and not attempt to unravel here. But in this case there seems to be serious reason why a union of faith should bind into other unions not so obvious. There are Catholic—in a sense of separation—interests to defend. Catholic colleges are still doing uphill work in the teeth of recent University legislation, and it is clear what advantages a compact body of defenders might be able to win for the colleges in which they are interested, now when the hostility of such legislation is yet young, and the rights of provincial colleges are still matters which lie in the hands of a future vote.

THE CLASSICS. **I**T is highly doubtful whether men care anything or much about the literature of the classics which they accept as a task while yet unformed to all literature. Even when the young seeds of delight in letters have begun to show something of a leaf above soil—those dear days when Byron perchance was a catch to the breath and Wordsworth had not ceased to be milk and water—it may be doubted if Greek is more than a superstition as far as admiration goes. Even Shakspeare is not much more than a great name, then, and one reads one's play of Shakspeare, set for examination, rather as a task than as a genuine delight. It may occasionally happen that a college representation of Shakspeare may be given as the play of the year. The Beaumont Union, as I chronicled in *The Collegian* last March, has done much for Beaumont by this means. For thus part of the task of the year is raised from the dust of mere dialogue into the communion of flesh and blood.

LATIN DRAMA. **W**HAT the Beaumont Union has done for the English play at Beaumont, has also been done for the Latin play at the Oratory—and once or twice at Fort Augustus—by selected students of the school. The result has been a newer and more natural insight into the work of the Latin comedian—for Terence is always chosen—than would otherwise have been possible. Recommendations are wont to be regarded with suspicion, but there does seem to be no better way of learning the dramatic spirit of any nation through class-work, than by the assignment of parts to separate members of the class and a consequent crude representation, where the pomp of dress and scenery is impossible, of the plays in hand. If it were once proved that a knowledge of Latin comedy was a necessity for social salvation, I do not know that any would be more secure from condemnation on that score than any Oratory boy whom you might choose among a chance group of former students of Catholic schools.

GREEK
DRAMA. **B**UT there is as yet no systematised representation of Greek drama at any of our colleges, and, considering that the Greek play stands dimmed in the very moonlight of superstitious reverence, the thing would be unaccountable if one were not forced to the conclusion that fit representation were either too difficult or too overgrown with old conventions for the realism of our age to own much sympathy with it. For in truth, the subject-interest of the Greek drama is at this day extinct, and its youth and its freshness have passed like a dream. Nevertheless, had it been possible, I should have liked to see representatives of the highest classes of our colleges on a night last month at the Westminster Town Hall, where for two hours Greece returned from her grave of centuries and her Sophocles spoke through the

voice of his Antigone. The play was given in English, the part of Antigone being taken by Lady Maidstone, and though in translation the pliable music of the Greek was gone, the thing was an excellent study of Greek form and of Greek convention. It happened that on the night before, at another London theatre, a special representation of "Othello" had been given, and to a student getting up his collateral information on Greek and English drama (say by way of comparison) to have been present at both would have been little short of invaluable. I am not here writing to teach anything scholastic, but, speaking superficially, I should say that he would have learned how much the advance of years has increased among men the self-conscious attitude which we call human respect. The Greeks had obviously very little, perhaps too little, of it. Shakspeare had something more—let me say the perfect mingling—and for us, we faint of it. And I judge so by the relative stiffness of the conventions of the three periods. The Greek conventions were removed from all human life, not only in language, but in action and in stage-law. No Greek smiled when an actor said and did things which Aristophanes, at a later period, would have baited very mercilessly had they been said and done in the Athenian streets. Shakspeare indeed threw the unities to the winds, but, to the inestimable gain of the poetry of the world, he still kept the language of his characters something stiffened from the language of men, so that it is no longer incongruous for Florizel to make love in words which make the heart grow sick almost for longing :

. . . when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.

And I think that this small lesson was one among the less obvious lessons taught by Lady Maidstone's Antigone. For us, except mere stage appointments and the necessary pauses, we have no dramatic convention. The words are the words of

the man in the street ; and, though we please ourselves, this age gives naught to the world's dramatic literature.

We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest.

RAMSGATE. **I** HAVE received from Ramsgate the *St. Augustine's Boys' Magazine*, containing much that is interesting to its youthful readers. It seems that within twelve months St. Augustine's College, Ramsgate, has more than doubled its numbers. There is now no vacancy in the school, and the Rector has entered into negotiations for a new house to accommodate fresh comers. Henry Thompson recently passed his "Prelim." for the army, and has returned to prepare for the "Further." Reginald Slaughter goes up in June for his "Prelim.," whilst another youth is working for the navy. The teaching staff has, moreover, been strengthened by the services of Mr. E. Simmons, B.A., who takes the science and mathematics of the school. The Feast of St. Benedict, on March 21st, was kept with solemnity and gaiety. The sanctuary of the grey church was filled with flowers, and the College choir sang finely the old sequence *Lata Dies*, which had been thrown into parts by the choir-master, Dom Erconwald Egan. The announcement that the panegyric was to be preached by the Rev. D. Dewar, of Chelsea, who for more than twenty years was a resident in Ramsgate, helped to attract a large congregation ; and after the service a large number of friends, laity and clergy from various parts, sat down to dinner in the Monastery Refectory, while the boys of the College feasted in the College Refectory. The Prior and the Rev. D. Dewar gave appropriate toasts, "but the speech of the occasion," writes a correspondent, "was made by Mr. Burnand, who returned humorous thanks for the visitors, and proposed 'Success to the College.'"



DON BOSCO.